

Cabanne Branch
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Responsibility, Punishment, Reparation

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

Responsibility, Punishment, Reparation

IN VERY MANY of his statements and addresses President Wilson has insisted upon distinguishing between the responsibility of the German Government and the German people. He has said, for instance:

We have no quarrel with the German people. . . . It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. . . . The American people have suffered intolerable wrongs at the hands of the Imperial German Government, but they desire no reprisal upon the German people, who have themselves suffered all things in this war, which they did not choose.

And in the negotiations which led to the armistice it will be remembered with what emphasis he insisted upon knowing whether it was with the old Government or with duly responsible spokesmen of the German people that he was dealing. One of his chief journalistic supporters—the New York World—said at the time: "With the German people there can be a just and honorable peace. With German autocracy there can be no peace whatever." A day or two previously Mr. Lansing had urged upon the American people the need of discriminating between the "responsible and the irresponsible, between the master and the serf."

This distinction was an integral and very emphasized part of the President's policy. Yet we are all aware that so far as public opinion is concerned it has completely disappeared. The feeling against Germany has simply not been influenced either here or in Europe by the fact that she has converted herself into a republic. The conditions we are imposing upon her are not less severe than those forecast by the President in, say, January last; they are more severe, and they seem to be growing stiffer every day.

What was the original justification of the President's distinction? Why has it been repudiated by the whole Allied world? What will be the effect of its repudiation?

As to why the distinction was made at all, we naturally ask: Were not Germany's crimes committed by individuals from among the German people? Did not the German people tolerate and approve the evil policy of their Government?

If indeed the Kaiser was the spokesman of the

German people and on the whole represented them—and there is every evidence to show that on the whole he did—why should the "just and honorable peace" of the World's phrase be more possible with them than with their agent and representative? Even the fact that the people have turned against the Hohenzollerns does not dispose of the consideration. For as one of the President's critics suggests, probably quite correctly, the real reason why the German people turned against their masters was not from indignation at crimes committed but because those masters lost the war. Had the war lords brought victory they would today be as popular and as powerful as ever.

It is the long and ever recurrent stories of atrocities which have swept this distinction away. And to the moral effect of the stories of German atrocity must be added another consideration. If indeed the German people are not responsible for the war, how can we throw upon them the burden of the immense indemnities which certain of the Allies are asking? Yet do we seriously suggest that ravaged Belgium and France shall not recover from Germany the means of restoring even the material destruction wrought by Germans?

It is the American sentiment of justice which has prompted the country to go against the President in this matter.

But can we assume that these considerations had not occurred to the President when he first emphasized this distinction between people and Government? Can we suppose that he and those who stand with him had overlooked the fact that many of the horrors portrayed on the Liberty Loan posters have actually been committed by men of the German people and sanctioned by most of the others? Or that he takes these things lightly?

Obviously that cannot be so. It is likely, to say the least, that the President is not less sensitive to these things than the politicians, newspaper editors, and clergymen, who so clamorously demand severely punitive justice. Perhaps we shall never do justice to the President's motive unless we face squarely a truth with reference to human conduct which we are very ill-disposed to face; namely, that

some of the worst crimes against justice have been due to the very fierceness of our passion for righteousness—a passion so fierce that it becomes indiscriminating and unseeing. It was the passion for what men believed to be religious truth which gave us the Inquisition, the religious wars, five hundred years of tyranny; it was the passion of patriotism which made France for so many years, to the astonishment of the world, refuse justice to Dreyfus; it is a righteous loathing for Negro crime which has made lynching possible for half a century in the United States, and which prevents the development of an opinion that will really insist upon its suppression. It is the "just anger that makes men unjust." The righteous passion which insists that a criminal shall die for some foul crime is the very thing which prevents our seeing that the crime was not committed by him at all.

It is something akin to the passion of the religious wars that possesses the world today. Just as a genuine religious conviction begged the whole question of the treatment of heretics in the centuries when hundreds of thousands of the very salt of the earth were racked, burned, tortured, and broken by good and disinterested men for the greater glory of God, so now is the question of justice and responsibility begged at the outset in the matter of the treatment of the German people, by the passion of patriotism. For five hundred years, more or less, it was simply impossible to get at the mind of the Inquisitor, or of those—the great mass of the population—who supported him. It was closed as instinctively as an eye closes when someone would remove a torturing cinder from it with his handkerchief. The action is not intentional; it is instinctive and irresistible. "Not punish a heretic! Wouldst thou intercede for those who would lead thy children to hell? Wouldst thou send thy children to everlasting fire to save a foul atheist from a few hours of it?" asked the Churchmen of old. So now the question of responsibility in the treatment of the German people. "Only a yellow dog would want to save the Hun from his richly merited deserts. Not until he is made to suffer will he ever learn not to attempt such crimes again. . . . Are the people who murdered little children, drowned helpless women, tortured prisoners worthy of any consideration whatsoever? What sickly sentimentality would stand in the way of the stern justice which . . ."

And in this passion, flaming and righteous, is burning up all the foundations of a better world order, all those great things for which our youth were sent to perish.

There is perhaps no task more ungrateful, none

which exposes a writer to such easily excited prejudice, to such cheap jibe and mean innuendo, as to challenge in any degree the sort of passion I have described. But we saw this country turn gradually from Wilson's policy because for months liberalism was silenced and the only voices heard were clamant cries of instinctive retaliation, violent-minded and undiscerning resentment. If the consequent drift of policy which marked the period of war is also, for the same reason, to mark the period of settlement, then the case of liberalism will go by default because no one will dare challenge the lynching spirit sufficiently to state that case.

The facts, if we would face them, are these: punitive settlement which insists upon treating the whole German people as criminals and upon excluding them from the Society of Nations will not secure justice; it will enable those most guilty to escape punishment, and will punish those who are not guilty; it will not secure indemnification for the French and Belgian peoples; it will not lift the burdens of the war from their shoulders but rivet those burdens more firmly than ever; it will not heal the wounds of the innocent victims in France and Belgium, but cause fresh wounds to be made; and to the millions of innocent women and children who have suffered in those countries will be added other millions who will be made to suffer in like fashion.

Let us take, just for a moment, at face value some of our professions. Millions of the best of our youth have died in agony to uphold the eternal principles of justice. Let us note some of the least of its demands. We may with justice punish individuals who have committed crime; and if it were feasible to take the officers who have ordered the murders of civilians, the men who have obeyed the order, the U-boat commanders who have ordered life-boats fired upon or passenger ships torpedoed, the very sailors who carried out such orders, give them fair trial in duly appointed courts, and when convicted hang them, the world would be better for the experience: (As a matter of fact this is not proposed, an armistice clause virtually exonerating those who have acted under orders.) It may well be advisable, as the least of several evils, to compel a whole nation to make reparation and restitution for damage done by its armies. But deliberately to "punish" it, with the idea that in some way that will secure repentance or fear of consequences of like offenses in the future, is to ignore the plainest facts of national psychology as well as the accepted ethics of patriotism by which our own political conduct is guided. To stand by our country "right or wrong," to submit our individual conscience to the national de-

cision, is the code of nationalism the world over. The English Bishops who protested against what they declared to be the immorality of reprisal air raids on German towns, did not renounce their government or their country when their protest was disregarded.

The initial confusion in this matter arises from the fact that we take words and symbols for things. "Germany" is guilty and must be punished. "Germany" includes millions of children—babies, boys, girls, decrepit old men and old women. They had no responsibility. Are we, as part of our retributive justice, to decree that these babies shall die, that these girls and boys of five and six shall suffer cold, hunger, privation, restricted opportunity, as their part of the penalty of the "stern" justice upon which we pride ourselves? Yet the punishment of "Germany" means nothing less.

The Western world has always looked upon the Chinese practice of punishing a man for his brother's or cousin's offense as morally barbarous. But that is fairness itself compared with the punishment of the children for the father's crime. A man may have some responsibility for the conduct of his descendants or his contemporaneous family. But how can the children be responsible for the father? Yet it is for punishment so arranged that the moral rhetoricians now appeal. We calmly talk of indemnities that we intend to spread over a hundred years of payment—one New York daily asks for punishments that shall endure for two hundred years. What should we say of the justice which demanded that we be held responsible for the offenses of our great-grandparents? (What should we say if France were now asked to pay for the damage done by Napoleon's armies?)

But that is only one of many such facts that we refuse to face. What real share of responsibility for Germany's policy have the workmen and peasants who were the instruments of war, and who daily risked death and suffered agonies as well as inflicting them? For years we have been pointing out that Germany was an autocracy; it is part of the indictment against her. Again and again we have declared that the people were the mere tools of the Government; that they were not free agents. More than that. Since the Government had control of information, they saw to it that the people should, however mistakenly, believe themselves to be fighting for their menaced Fatherland. That this was the amazing, but none the less sincere, conviction of vast numbers is testified by all sorts of witnesses whom we cannot accuse of pro-Germanism. Lord Northcliffe—to take one of many—says of the Ger-

mans even as late as October 1917: "The German people have been deluded into the belief that they are defending themselves against foes who are set upon crushing them out of existence."

For what, then, after decreeing the punishment of the babies and the decrepit, should we be punishing the great mass of ignorant peasants, of half-instructed workmen, fed upon lies and lashed into honest fury by those lies? We should be punishing them for doing what they, however mistakenly, believed to be their duty. Such conviction is generally a necessary part of prolonged war. Men do not as a rule die from selfish motives—unless they are very sure of their mansions in the sky.

The truth is that the whole idea of collective responsibility, based upon the misleading personification of a whole nation, is itself the essence of injustice. Every large group has criminals. What percentage makes the whole group criminal? Ten per cent? One per cent? A hundred thousand degenerate brutes among the officials, officers, and soldiers would more than suffice for the crimes that have condemned Germany. That is little more than one in a thousand. But if the proportion were fifty per cent we could not with justice punish one half for the crimes of the other.

A German aviator who dropped bombs on London excused himself with the plea that "the English" had killed his brother. "The English" may have done so. But the children he blew to pieces had not. And his evil plea is not made a righteous one when an innocent German from Baden is slain because a guilty one from Hamburg has killed and tortured. The New York Times prints an interview with an Allied aviator returned from a reprisal bombing raid: "How did you feel when dropping bombs on the Rhine cities?" asked the interviewer. The aviator replied "with a quiet grimness": "They killed my sister." Who are "they"? The babies of the Rhine cities?

Suppose we assume that seventy million people—men, women, and children—are "inherent criminals." Two questions arise: What made people of the Germanic stock, living within certain geographical areas, criminal, while the same stock in other countries—in Britain, America, France, and Belgium—represent great moral forces? Second, does experience within our frontiers tend to show that "punishment" suffices in dealing with criminals? Or does experience point the conclusion that we must also insure them a means of honest livelihood within our social system, give them equality of economic opportunity under the law so long as they obey the law? Neither question is academic or idle;

a wise answer to both is indispensable to the destruction of Prussianism.

Any sincere examination of the first of these two questions reveals a truth which is almost self-evident; namely, that the evils with which the Germans have shocked the world are not the result of some biological difference from all other races, some differences of gray matter and muscular tissue which distinguish a man born between such and such lines of longitude and latitude from all other men, white, black, brown, or yellow. The evils are the result of certain false ideas born of a special political system and tradition, themselves the result of certain conditions which we can do something to change. The German horrors are evils analogous to those born in the past not only of political, but of religious, systems, as when nearly all races, in the name of God and righteousness, massacred and tortured not only men but women and little children—pulled them limb from limb by ingenious machinery especially constructed for that purpose, or burned slowly their living bodies; when learned and religious and well-intentioned men taught that falsehood on behalf of God was a duty; that "to keep faith with a heretic was to break faith with heaven."

And, be it noted, to explain the crimes of the Inquisition, the massacres of St. Bartholomew, of the French Revolution, of the Commune or the Congo—crimes of which peoples of all races have been guilty—is not to condone or extenuate them. We need to understand them in order that they may not be renewed amongst us. And we need, as a guide in dealing with German crime, to ask how far it is historically true that the mutual atrocities of Protestant and Catholic, Revolutionist and counter-revolutionist, white and Negro, were ended by vast indiscriminate, collective "punishments" or by another process.

Let us examine a little further the incidence of punishment. Most of the punitive plans now current include large annexations of what is at present German territory—the left bank of the Rhine, Schleswig-Holstein, the whole of Posen and East Prussia, and of course all the German colonies. A plan recently published in Paris demands the "compensation" of Belgium by a considerable increase of her territory. The idea seems about equivalent to saying to a householder whose house has been broken into by burglars: "No matter. You shall be compensated. The burglar's family shall come and live with you." Germany will lose the great bulk of her iron, some of her coal, all such raw materials as she got from her colonies, all her ships. She is

to be the victim of a world-wide boycott and she is to be cast in unprecedented indemnities for the full restoration of all of the territories she has devastated.

Note first who will and who will not be punished in this scheme. A large number of Germans, by virtue of these annexations, will cease to be Germans and become French, Danes, Poles, Russians, or Belgians. As such, they will be liberated both from the oppressions of German rule and from the punishments to be meted out to Germans. They will profit by the advantageous commercial arrangements which are to be accorded Allied populations, and will enjoy the privileges of the French, Belgian, Danish, Polish, or Russian systems. These Germans at least will largely escape "punishment." In the Allied view they will have benefited. But Allied populations will have received an admixture of German elements. Poland, for instance, will be largely German; its commerce and industry largely in German hands. We may boycott things "Made in Germany" but what we buy may still be made by Germans. And the greater the extent of the annexations the more will this be true.

But the relation of "punishment" to restitution and compensation has still stranger results. The figure of total indemnity is now fixed at over one hundred billions of dollars, the interest alone of which would amount to nearly five billions yearly—about as much as the total export trade of Britain and the United States combined. The total gold possessed by Germany could not pay the first six months' interest. To pay even the interest, she must do so in materials, by an export trade immensely greater than that possessed by any country in the world, even by countries with nearly twice her population and many times her resources.

But we don't intend that she should do any foreign trade at all! We intend to boycott her. Powerful American organizations are taking steps to see that not so much as a German penknife or a toy shall reach the hands of Americans. An English seaman's union declares that they will not work a ship that has a pound of German goods of any kind aboard. And even if there were not the boycott, she will by the Allied annexations have lost most of her iron, some of her coal, and all of her ships; she will be excluded from overseas raw material.

Russia, Belgium, France—indeed half the world—will be faced by semi-starvation, and will need these German indemnities—which, when translated into realities, will mean the material things necessary to restoration, which Germany can make. We cannot have it both ways. If Germany is to be

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punished by the penalization of her industry, then it is the population of Belgium, Serbia, Poland that will share that punishment by the retardation of their reestablishment. If Germany is to help feed and rebuild those countries, if we are to profit by the labor of the German people to the full during the period of reconstruction—and it will be direly needed—then German industry must become once more active, and by that fact will become powerful and occupy a large place in the world ten or twenty or thirty years hence.

And during this period, of course, Germany is to be disarmed—thus, incidentally, being able to devote all her energies to industry. But the neighboring Russia, the Slav states of old Austria, the Balkans, Japan will presumably all be armed. We shall either be faced with a great Slavic Federation of some two hundred millions, or numerous independent Slavic states. Is it seriously urged—looking back on the quite recent past and “taking human nature as it is”—that neither of these contingencies holds possibility of conflict or armed collision about economic rights of ways, harbors, tariffs, pigs, minority cultures, religions, and languages? Is anyone so extremely pacifist as to believe that for a single moment? And in the midst of that possible welter will live this solid bloc of highly industrialized, highly disciplined Germanic folk—unarmed, defenseless, discriminated against, their country having suffered in past centuries more miseries from the invasions of their neighbors—French and Slavic—than any country in Europe:

A people whose country was for so many years a theatre of devastating wars that fear is bred into the very marrow of their souls, making them ready to submit their lives and fortunes to an autocracy which, for centuries, has ground their faces but which has promised them . . . security,

says Mr. James W. Gerard, in *My Four Years in Germany*. And Theodore Roosevelt, in *Why America Should Join the Allies*, says:

Fear of National destruction will prompt men to do almost anything, and the proper remedy for outsiders to work for is the removal of the fear. If Germany were absolutely free from the danger of the least aggression on her eastern and western frontiers I believe that German public sentiment would refuse to sanction such acts as those against Belgium.

Does anyone really believe that they could be prevented from somehow arming, finding allies, and repeating once more the history of the years that followed Jena?

We refuse to admit her into the Society of Nations, refuse to accord her any protection; she will find her own protection. And the process means the rehabilitation of her military order. Arms will

once more become honorable. Their practice will be associated with the only defense of Germany that the world allows—Germany's own strength or intrigue. Far from punishing the military order, and discrediting its traditions, we shall revive them.

The fact that we may indeed have to choose between the luxury of fictitious “punishment” and the achievement of the higher things for which we went to war, has been pointed out by a writer who will certainly not be accused of pro-Germanism. Mr. Frank Simonds recalls the fact that after a quarter of a century of devastating warfare over all Europe, France, after the Napoleonic wars, was immediately admitted to the family of nations without “punishment.” That made it possible for Europe to reorganize itself according to the ideas of the day with France's cooperation instead of her opposition.

Now it would be conceivable [adds Mr. Simonds] that should the victors of the present war follow the example of those of a century before, remit to Germany their just claims for indemnities, content themselves with taking for France Alsace-Lorraine and distributing German colonies as they chose, they might successfully establish some orderly regime in Germany and, in negotiating with it, formulate a constitution for a League of Nations. . . . If the League of Nations is the chief concern of the Peace Congress this would offer a way, and I think the only conceivable way, of bringing Germany into it.

And unless Germany is brought into it, says Mr. Simonds, there can be no League of Nations:

Unless Germany is a willing and sincere partner in this enterprise the League of Nations will be a failure, for its success must rest upon its universality. With Germany out, it is no more than a perpetuation of the existing alliance against Germany. Moreover, Germany may easily, if the Reds gain control, join hands with the Russian Reds, and then we shall have the old situation of rival alliances once more.

But Mr. Simonds will not hear of purchasing the League at that price. It would be “inequitable and intolerable.”

If the condition, and the only condition, of a League of Nations be to make a peace with Germany which will make the victims of German aggression and violence in the past four years bear the eventual burdens of that aggression then it seems to me that the price is too high. . . . Even Utopia would be intolerable if in it only the red-handed murderer were to have immunity from the consequences of his recent crimes merely because he had changed his name or his employer. More than this, we hear much today of a “healing peace,” and certainly every one hopes that we shall have this blessing. But even a healing peace must be designed first to heal the wounds of the innocent victims before it strives to cure the wounds of those who were injured seeking to murder their neighbors. And if any one is to bleed to death, to follow the figure of speech, it certainly should not be the women and children of France and Belgium.

But Mr. Simonds confuses the alternatives as presented by himself. He admits by implication that failure to establish the League means future war:

the old system will give the old results. In those future wars, who will bleed and suffer? The men and women and children of France and Belgium. No matter. Better that than that the criminal should escape. The wounds of the innocent victims will not be healed. His proposal, not the proposal of the "Utopians," will prevent that. In the terms of the dilemma he himself has stated, Belgium *will* go on bleeding to death. She must refrain from binding up her wounds because the only means by which she can do it would enable the guilty to heal theirs. He admits that the price of punitive indemnities will mean the exclusion of Germany from the Society of Nations; that such exclusion will mean the failure of the League of Nations, by which alone we can hope for reduction of armaments and the elimination or the lessening of the risks of war. But if we have to go on increasing our armaments we may well spend thereon all the indemnities that we can wring from Germany. She will pay them, but we shall not get them. What we get from our prisoner, or slave, we shall have to spend on guarding him.

Nor is that all. The policing and holding down of Germany and German Austria for the purpose of securing the indemnities, a similar task perhaps with reference to Russia for preventing the penetration of German Socialist influence, will mean during twenty, thirty (or is it a hundred?) years the imperialistic exploitation of German soil and peoples by foreign masters. It is seriously proposed to retain all the German prisoners now held by the Allies for the purpose of working them as slaves in the devastated districts. Presumably others will be deported from Germany for the purpose—poetic retribution for what happened to Belgians. The slaves and their children may well deserve that slavery; but it will none the less corrupt the masters. None the less shall we have gone back to medieval practice. The evil virus of imperialism will not be sterilized because the imperialism is also a just "punishment." That is only likely to make it worse.

And such a task will mean of course the militarization of France, England, Belgium—armaments, conscription, centralized and bureaucratic states, and finally, war. "Servile revolts" of the Russo-German world—aided, it may be, by the Japanese, Chinese, and Indians—perhaps we shall call them. But none the less war, as Mr. Simonds pretty plainly implies, in which France and Belgium will bleed once more. Mr. Simonds will not promise them even the respite that the old men at Vienna gave to Europe. The poilus will return to their

homes and womenkind, rebuild their world; children will be born to them and brought to manhood; and then—it will once more all go smash in wars that will be still more full of hate, of obscene and filthy cruelty. For these things are progressive, and in the next war neither side will leave to the other the advantage of surprise in sudden invasion, poison gas, or disease germs. And we shall rear our children for that foul destiny, not because it is inevitable but because we shall have chosen that course for fear that the enemy should escape sufficient punishment.

If ever it were true that the opportunity of salvation for mankind is in the Christian ethic, as opposed to the older one, that time is now. But the moratorium of the Sermon on the Mount is not yet expired; and to invoke that code is the surest means of all of calling upon one's head the maledictions of a Christian world—and particularly the maledictions of the Christian churches, to say nothing of the Espionage Act penalties of a Christian state. We have made the discovery that we do not really believe these emasculate doctrines. We formally subscribe to them, as we do to things like "liberty" and "free speech." But freedom of speech means freedom to speak the thing that pleases us; to refrain from punishment must only be asked when we don't feel strongly about the crime.

Lord Grey, professional diplomat though he be, who saw more of the inner processes which led to this war than any other Anglo-Saxon living, points out in his wonderful pamphlet on the League of Nations that from time to time an attempt is made to embody in material form the project of a better international order. It is then discovered that what appeared as an ideal to the wholly desirable and amiable cannot be of practical use unless we are ready to subject ourselves to some limitations or discipline that may be inconvenient, and unless we are prepared to overcome some difficulties that were not at first sight apparent. The ideal is found to have in fact a stern and disagreeable as well as an easy and amiable side to it!

Thereupon a storm beats against it; those who never thought it desirable—for there are intellects to which most ideals seem dangerous, and temperaments to which they are offensive—and who had previously treated it only with contempt in the abstract, offer the fiercest opposition to it as a practical proposal: many of its supporters are paralysed by the difficult aspects of it, which they had not previously considered, and the project recedes again into the region of shadows or abstract resolutions.

He goes on:

There is more at stake in this war than the existence of individual States or Empires, or the fate of a Continent; the whole of modern civilization is at stake, and whether

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it will perish and be submerged, as has happened to previous civilizations of older types, or whether it will live and progress, depends upon whether the nations engaged in this war, and even those that are onlookers, learn the lessons that the experience of the war may teach them. It must be with nations as with individuals; in the great trials of life they must become better or worse—they cannot stand still. They must learn and profit by experience and rise to greater heights, or else sink lower and drop eventually into the abyss. And this war is the greatest trial of which there is any record in history. If

the war does not teach mankind new lessons that will so dominate the thought and feeling of those who survive it, and those who succeed the survivors, as to make new things possible, then the war will be the greatest catastrophe as well as the most grievous trial and suffering of which mankind has any record.

And only a profound change in the temper that now seems to dominate us can save the world from that catastrophe.

NORMAN ANGELL.

A War-Song of the Far West

HIGH IN THE Rocky Mountains the prism of the war, the focal point of our generation, has glinted from many a strange angle: with shafts of local color it has sent its searching rays into the obscure lives of those whom limitless miles of desert, canyon, and volcanic rock have separated from the rest of mankind. Men whose fathers left the East after the Civil War, and drifting westward through Arkansas and Indian Territory "settled" down to a roving life of horses, cattle, and intermittent mining in New Mexico and Arizona, were startled out of their vast solitude to find the youth of the country called overseas to join in the "big fuss." The Spanish-speaking natives of the Southwest (they prefer to be known as "the natives," for they say that "Mexicans" belong in Old Mexico, whereas these are the "Children of the Conquerors") were still more dazed by the thunderbolt that had fallen from their rainless sky. These people, whose venturesome ancestors, marching north from Mexico in the sixteenth century, braved deserts and Indians and planted the first white settlements in what is now the United States, these American-Mexicans of ours have been walled in by their gaunt cliffs and mountains for over three hundred years. Suddenly the slow drone of their monotonous, sunlit lives was broken by a terrible and mysterious necessity that took every able-bodied man from the tiny villages and left the patient, sad-eyed, and already overburdened women to all the work of ranch and home. The whole Southwest found itself abruptly seized by the collar and jerked out of its isolation; what railroads and the telegraph had been trying for years to accomplish the war has achieved in a twelve-month—it has linked the wilderness with the great world.

At first the gatherings of Spanish wives and mothers at the troop-trains were full of somber tragedy. Silently the women wept behind the enshrouding black *tapalas*, the deep-fringed shawls

that cover them from head to foot like a symbol of that submission which is their lot; and silently the drooping figures trailed home to their lonely little flat-roofed adobe houses, like drifting shadows in a cloud of yellow desert dust. It seemed as though the *tapalas* hung from the bowed heads with melancholy heaviness, and here and there an old mother fell flat in the sand, overcome with the exhaustion of weeping and the sleepless nights of foreboding anguish. They understood so little, these poor women of the lonely mountain ranges; they only knew that their men were "taken"—taken to be killed by a terrible people of whom they had never heard before, a people whom all the world must punish, else they would come here and punish us and seize our little ranches. And the hot sun beat down on this doleful day as on all others; and the mountains towered into the cloudless sky, aloof and unheeding; and all the colorful Southwest was still, and as vastly peaceful, as utterly remote from noise or stir of warfare, as though New Mexico were on some other planet—a primeval world in an earlier geologic age. Yet into each primitive little home Fate had entered, sternly calling every family to a part in the greatest concerted human struggle that mankind has ever known.

Of course an emotional Latin people must reflect this great new experience in song. And perhaps it is not altogether strange that the tune which is sung, hummed, or whistled in these war times by every man, woman, and child in New Mexico should have come originally from troublous Old Mexico to the south. It was when our own Spanish troops returned home from the border after the recent difficulties that they brought with them the song of the Carranzistas, Adelita, which has spread through every village in the Spanish Southwest. When at the *Bailes* (the crude native dance-gatherings) the blind fiddler and the heavy-handed guitarist mount the rickety platform at the end of the hard-stamped dirt floor in the adobe *Sala de*

Baile, it is Adelita that is squeaked and thrummed for the enlivenment of the thudding and scraping feet. When the boys went out, pitchfork on shoulder, to pile high the cut alfalfa and leave all the little ranch in readiness before the draft should take them, Adelita sounded from their sturdy throats or piped on their lips. And when on the eve of a Saint's Day the slouch-hatted musicians in the shadow of some hollyhocked wall make their clumsy and discordant serenades to those who bear the name of the saint, it is again Adelita whose strains torture the moonlight to the delight of whispering groups for whom this is the best of all music.

Whether or not the song was ever published in Old Mexico I do not know. Possibly my recording may be the only written version of the music in the States. But the verses have been variously transcribed in New Mexico, usually by some dark-eyed girl in the village to whose heart the love-sick words of the soldier's farewell strike deep. For Adelita is a typically Spanish popular song, impassioned, sentimental, dramatic. It was brought north orally, and from mouth to mouth and hand to hand it has passed, a verse dropped here, another added there, each singer changing the words to suit himself, and now the whole made poignant to the hour by the allusion to the Kaiser. Adelita is the War-Song of Spanish New Mexico.

The tune is what children call a "sticker": once heard it sticks in the head and cannot be extracted. Yet it is not the fatal tune alone that causes Adelita's popularity; the words have a deep appeal at this time, and though the melody is little more than a rhythmic dance-jingle, I have seen it—because of its association with the soldiers—bring tears to many an eye. For these people, whose hemmed-in lives seem to an outsider both barren and joyless, have been giving their all in this war. They are poor, their only possessions being their strips of irrigated land, their tiny orchards, their sheep, goats, and burros, and perhaps the semi-arid pastures for their animals. The toil of the patient women is unceasing, and coin is scarce indeed. Yet in many a little window hangs a Food Administration pledge and the sign of the Red Cross. Loyally, uncomplainingly the Spanish-Americans shouldered their share of the burden of the world war. Furthermore, the boys marry before they are twenty; and often it is a grandmother, mother, and young wife who weep at the sound of Adelita and the memory of the handkerchief that waved from the window of the troop-train.

Since the verses of the song trail on endlessly, I

shall translate only enough of them to give the Latin spirit, thoroughly Mexican in its flowery sentiment:

"Adelita" is called the young maiden
Whom I love and remember each hour;
In the great world I still hold a rosebud,
And with time I shall gather the flower.

When sounds the bugle of battle,
The soldiers go forth without fear,
And th' arroyos will flow with the spilt blood;
For the Kaiser shall never rule here!

And if I should die in the battle,
And my body be buried afar,
Adelita, by God I implore you,
Weep for me who am killed in the war.

When as soldier my country now calls me,
And I go off to fight and to die,
Adelita, O do not forget me,
But pray for my soul with a sigh.

I must leave you, my dearest Adela,
O grant me my parting request:
That nothing may e'er come between us,
Let your image be graven in my breast.

The Government calls me, Adela,
I must go, but though bitter the pain,
I never shall part with the sweet hope
Of returning to greet you again.

This autumn the Spanish settlements seem astir with new life and courage. Adelita's soldier is not killed: the first drafted boys have been gone long and they are not dead yet. Perhaps, after all, they will come back! Anyway they are well off in the "campos." *Por Dios*, what letters they send home, all so cheerful and full of the new things they are learning. Why, some of them can even send poems to the local Spanish papers. And how well the Government feeds them, too. And as for the wives at home, what with the soldiers' pay they now have more "dineros" than they ever had in all their lives before. No one spends it all on Saturday night in the nearest town, or drinks it all up in a day. How proudly the women now drive in their big carts to the bank on the Plaza to deposit their money!

Towards the end, the last good-byes of the drafted boys were preceded by a whole week of festivities. *Bailes* were held nearly every night, and the boys dashed from one settlement to another on horseback, the heroes of the hour, yelling like Indians. Adelita took on a gay sound as those who were driven down the mountains in the Government automobiles sang it at the top of their lungs till cliff and canyon echoed to the "sticky" tune. Surely this coming in touch with the big world has been a great awakening. The draft is one of the most powerful educational forces that ever entered Spanish New Mexico.

NATALIE CURTIS BURLIN.

Soviet Russia and the American Revolution

THE DRAWING of historic analogies is a perilous undertaking. On the score of specific incident and detail it would be difficult to establish the case for a comparison between the Russian and the American Revolutions; the two manifestations apparently run in quite independent channels; and it may seem strange that anyone should attempt to draw a parallel between Russia and America in this regard when the French Revolution superficially offers the better analogy. But it is only superficially; after all the specific objections have been freely admitted, after all detailed criticism has been allowed to triumph by default of the argument, there remains a certain divine sense in which the Russian Revolution parallels the revolt of the thirteen American Colonies more nearly than the other, and in which the proletariat of Russia is striving to accomplish for his world much the same ideals which our forefathers laid down for theirs. There was more of the spirit of the people, more of faith and dependence in the proletariat, in American Revolutionary doctrine than we seem disposed to admit today; and by the same token, it is because we have lost our sense of fundamental democracy that we do not care to admit it. But we should think too highly of the outright American ideals to permit them without protest to be swallowed whole by the pseudo-democratic claims of a crass plutocracy. Totally different in form and substance, in method and event, in time, place, circumstance, and era, these two revolutionary manifestations nevertheless have shown the same spirit and have sprung from the same set of universal human impulses. To their respective centuries they have meant the same thing.

In fact, has not the thought arrested liberals everywhere that in the Soviet system we see a foreshadowing of the next step forward in the machinery of democratic government, bringing our present machinery, a heritage from a past era, abreast of the new industrialized world? The writers of the American Constitution certainly strove to construct an instrument by virtue of which the actual majority of the electorate should control the government. They certainly strove to render impossible the domination of a ruling class, to do away with the artificial complexities of politics, and to bring every function of government within the grasp and comprehension of the whole electorate. Indeed, they went much farther than this in theory, and by opening the highest office to the lowest citizen they faced and acknowledged the truth that an experience in human mutuality may be a better equipment for the art of

governing than education or a cosmopolitan training. In a day of simple industrial, social, and commercial elements, class lines and feelings as they now exist were not included in the category. But these have grown up rapidly under the impetus of industrialism; and along with them have grown, in new guise but in the same unmistakable form, many of the very political and governmental evils which the writers of the American Constitution strove so hard to avoid. Governments have become complex once more, legislatures have passed into the control of lawyers, the body of the electorate does not see and feels that it cannot grasp what is going on, and a ruling class selected along financial attributes definitely dominates the political machinery of Western democracy. In a word, our system of representative government has demonstrated, to the class, at least, which feels the grievance, that under changed economic conditions it does not fairly represent the popular will. Allowing for the great natural difference between the two periods, it is not stretching the point to say that the Soviet system in Russia proposes to do for the new era something very similar in its political objectives to that which the writers of the American Constitution proposed to do for the old; and that the true purpose of Soviet Russia, irrespective of its transitory class dogma, is to simplify government again and to bring it under the control of the actual majority.

And the great danger which besets us is that, in the confusion of issues and events, the true democratic fundamentals of Russia may not be recognized in time by American and Allied statesmanship, and that the natural development of the Russian democracy may be hopelessly compromised by interference from abroad. This, in turn, would quickly undermine what democracy is left to us in the West, and might too easily bring about the cataclysm. The future of civilization seems to hang between the devil of selfish privilege and the deep sea of an inadequate statesmanship. From the beginning of the Revolution Russia has relentlessly precipitated for the democratic world the issue which could not be put aside.

It is certain that Russia cannot continue permanently to be governed on a class basis. The logic of life and history precludes such an outcome. All the tendencies of human relationships stand unalterably opposed to it. The outright class program of Soviet Russia, which already shows distinct signs of becoming modified under the pressure of events and responsibilities, is bound to be still farther modi-

fied, until it loses its strictly class character. The existing bourgeoisie may easily be disposed of, but there is no provision in the class program for the new bourgeoisie which inevitably will be developed out of the body of the proletariat. The various political parties of Russia, at present representing highly antagonistic class groups, must ultimately come together in some workable form of constitutional and parliamentary coalition. The furthering of this process should be the great task confronting American and Allied statesmanship today.

Briefly, the political issue in Russia lies between two systems of governmental authority based on different principles of election and representation: the Soviet system, based on class units; and the system of the Constituent Assembly, based on the old geographical units. The Soviet system breaks up the old geographical election district into class units, each one of which elects its own delegate to the local Soviet; and the local Soviet, in turn, elects its delegates to the next higher body. This, roughly, is the central principle of an extensive governmental system the details of which do not properly come within the range of the present article. The basis of the Constituent Assembly, on the other hand, is the old geographical election district established under the Czar's regime at the time of the first Duma. This also is the Zemstvo election district.

The Soviet system made its appearance in Russia coincident with the first Revolution of the spring of 1917. It was the authority of the Soviet system, through its first manifestation in the Council of Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates in Petrograd, which brought about the downfall of the Provisional Government a few weeks after the Revolution. Throughout the summer of 1917, under the Coalition Government and during the Kerensky regime, the Soviet system was the real power in Russia. From the very beginning the forces representing the Constituent Assembly have not been able to stand against the Soviet authority, although many counter-revolutions in the name of the Constituent Assembly have been supported from abroad. All the events of the Revolution prove the case. The authority of the Soviet system has maintained itself in the face of the combined hostility of the world, and is stronger today than it was six months ago.

The fact is that the Soviet system is a new machinery of representative government, derived from the principle of class representation, and in the case of Russia taking its roots in the local machinery of the ancient village Mir. It is a system simple and direct enough to be understood by the peasants and workingmen, and through it they are able without handicap to exercise their traditional training in

local self-government and to apply it to the broader field of national politics. There is nothing undemocratic about the Soviet system; its ideal seems to be to produce a government actually representative of the proportional groupings of modern society. With the addition of the class feature, it is nothing but an extension of our own town-meeting principle. Let us have class caucuses in town-meeting, and we have the local Soviet. At any rate, this system is a natural product of social and political fundamentals in Russia, and as such plainly is indispensable to the development of the true Russian democracy.

So the real issue, throughout the Revolution, has been between two antagonistic systems of representative government rather than between various political parties. On the one hand were the Bolsheviks and certain groups of the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries, who steadfastly supported the Soviet system. On the other hand were the Cadets and the reactionary fringe of the center parties, who supported the system of the Constituent Assembly. These latter have refused to cooperate in the Soviet system, and have insisted that democracy for Russia lies only in a return to the authority of the Constituent Assembly. It is not difficult to see the reason for this: under the Soviet system they would be an insignificant minority, while under the system of the Constituent Assembly they would stand a better chance of controlling the political situation. They accuse the Soviet authority of overthrowing the Constituent Assembly, which of course was done; but the Soviets could not have done it and maintained the position without the backing of a majority opinion. Two different principles of government could not establish their separate machinery throughout the same area. In the clash of Revolutionary forces the Soviet principle won the day, and became established as the will of the Russian people. The statement that the peasants are being held in political bondage by the Soviets does not seem to be borne out by the facts of the case. The Soviet system is founded on peasant fundamentals, and satisfies peasant training and psychology. It cannot be overlooked that the peasants have not yet attempted to overthrow the Soviet system, but that on the contrary they have everywhere supported it; and that nowhere in Russia since the first Revolution has there appeared a peasant movement for the reestablishment of the Constituent Assembly.

The task for constructive statesmanship, therefore, obviously is to effect a reconciliation of all the Revolutionary parties of Russia based on the Soviet principle. It is now fairly demonstrable that to attempt a reconciliation based on the opposite principle is to invite ultimate failure. It is to attempt to sustain

the small minority against the vast majority, to set up in Russia a fictitious authority not supported by the Russian people. This has been tried in lending support to the various Counter-Revolutionary movements, and now it is being tried directly by the force of Allied and American arms. Such a fictitious government would needs be supported continuously by military power from abroad. Who will promise that such a policy will not destroy the very authority which institutes it, through the revolt of the proletariat everywhere? Who will deny that such a policy makes utter mockery of the principle of self-determination, for which the democratic world ostensibly has been fighting?

The second necessary office of American and Allied statesmanship should be to assist in bringing about cohesion within the Soviet system itself. This system has sprung up like a mushroom growth throughout the length and breadth of Russia. It is natural and substantial on the legislative side, but it unavoidably lacks administrative leadership and federal cohesion. The executive branch suffers from sheer inadequacy of personnel. A legislative system based on sound fundamentals creates itself automatically out of the body and initiative of a self-governing people; but a corresponding executive system, with its enormous problems of personnel and authority, has to be built up more slowly out of training, education, and experience. The very training in local self-government throughout Russia which gives strength to the legislative function of the Soviet system militates at the start against its administrative cohesion; the provincial Soviets in some cases refuse to abide by the decisions of the All-Russian Congress, and in general the local Soviets, born of independence and intoxicated by a year of youthful authority, tend to go their own ways. The vastness of the country, the educational backwardness of the people, the lack of transportation and communication, and the inevitable provincialism of the whole regime, all aggravate this failure in administrative cohesion. In addition, a great deal of the trained administrative talent of Russia, with vision blurred by the injustices of the Revolutionary manifestation, has chosen actively to conspire against the success of the true democratic principle. As a result of all this we see a movement in Russia which superficially may look like a disagreement among the Soviets and a gradual breaking up of the system itself, but which in reality is only a natural stage in the very unequal and desperately difficult development of a Russian federation based on true democratic fundamentals.

Here again we discover that vague but nevertheless sound analogy between the Russian and the

American Revolutions. In both cases the general problem is one of federation. Russia, like America, has found her true legislative fundamentals but lacks administrative cohesion. Russia, like America, has her small body of Tories, whose property is being confiscated, whose political principles are being outraged, and who are betraying her at every turn. In so far as it is possible to compare two widely separated social, political, and economic eras, the analogy holds. In America however the sole aim was political democracy; for in that day the foundations of democracy had not yet shifted from legislatures to banks and bourses, and there was no industrial autocracy to fight. Today in Russia, in a world many generations removed from that of our forefathers on the score of economic progress, the aim is social and industrial democracy through political democracy. The legislative fundamentals were of course more firmly established among the Thirteen Colonies than they are in Soviet Russia; the electorate may have been better trained in self-government, and the necessary administrative machinery and personnel were unquestionably far more extensive; but on the other hand, these very facts entailed a set of firmly grounded local antagonisms among the Colonies which is largely absent in the case of Soviet Russia. What might be called the potential cohesion of Soviet Russia is probably sounder and more substantial than was that of the Thirteen Colonies, or in other words the danger of disruption is less. The potentialities in America in 1788 were exceedingly treacherous; and America's federal cohesion was not finally established until the close of the Civil War in 1865. And for a last item of the analogy, the case of Russia, like that of the Thirteen Colonies, demands the utmost wisdom of reconciliation and vision of brave and constructive leadership, and this not only in Russia, but quite as much on the part of the world abroad.

When we turn from the political to the economic phase of Soviet Russia, we see that they are the obverse and reverse of the same shield. However seriously Soviet Russia may have avowed the principles of Marxian Socialism, it is evident that the application of the program has not worked out along dogmatic lines, and that the final result will be far different from the original theory. As a matter of fact there seems to be much misunderstanding regarding the Socialistic nature of the Bolshevik manifestation, and room for grave doubt of its orthodoxy; reports are infinitely confusing, and passion or prejudice almost unavoidably color the account. The impression generally accepted through the West is that the Soviets are instituting Marxian Socialism. But it has not yet been explained why formal Social-

ists everywhere, in Russia as well as in the Allied countries and America, are the bitterest enemies of Bolshevism. It has not been explained precisely what Bolshevism is. The fact seems to be that Bolshevism is something entirely new, something which partakes of the nature of both communism and democracy, of both Socialism and capitalism—something which has split Socialism everywhere and caused the majority of Socialists to shift their ground, leaving only the dogmatic minority within the walls of the academic Marxian doctrine. The Bolsheviks in control of Soviet Russia have awakened the thought of the world.

All this is a healthy and hopeful sign. It means that the social program of Soviet Russia is as new and untried as its political machinery; that both are in a process of rapid development, seeking impetuously to find their true bearings; and that both inevitably are destined to grow out of themselves into more stable and adaptable forms. The thing which has appeared in Russia is a thing without theory or precedent. In a strictly literal sense it is a natural development. It is not to be estimated by physical events, or even by the acts or announced policies of the Soviet authority, but only by a free analysis of the tendencies and potentialities made manifest. What it is heading towards, what it must become, is of far more importance than what it is today. After a year of chaos, in which ideas of Socialism, communism, and anarchy have run riot along with sublime visions and great hopes in the minds of a people untutored, elemental, natively philosophic, and suffering from tragic wrongs—a people nobly disposed at heart, and suddenly endowed with the tremendous burden of its own (and perhaps the world's) destiny—it is possible to discern the vague but nevertheless certain outlines of a cosmic plan, standing solidly in the background of the Revolutionary picture.

This plan is neither Socialistic nor communistic. It is neither a bourgeois plan nor a proletarian plan. It is the plan of a free and outright representative democracy, of the rule of the actual majority, of natural resources and all forms of national wealth and productive power in the hands of the people, of work for production rather than for profit, and of government for service rather than for privilege. This is the objective towards which Soviet Russia is heading. These are the real tendencies and potentialities of Bolshevism.

In a modern economic sense Russia is a clean slate to write on. It is stated that less than three per cent of her population is made up of industrial workers. Russia is still almost wholly an agricultural state. Her vast natural resources lie prac-

tically untouched; the well of her stupendous productive power remains unopened. Only an insignificant proportion of her wealth is invested in the mechanical industries. But it is inevitable that in the course of the next fifty years Russia will become to a large degree industrialized. Millions and tens of millions of agricultural workers will become factory workers; enormous new wealth will be created, and the most of it will be invested in the mechanical industries; the color and texture of the whole social fabric of Russia will change. The prospect is overwhelming; nowhere in history has such a field disclosed itself to an era so ready to seize and act upon it. The sweep of possibilities in Russia staggers the imagination. It stills the heart, as well, to realize that we of the Western democracies are permitted to assist at the birth of this new giant, and that all that we do, either right or wrong, for or against, shall surely affect the history of a great people, and shall as surely react upon the history of our children's children.

What shall be written on the clean economic slate of Russia? What shall be the fortune of that portentous economic history which is even now beginning to unfold itself? Shall it be permitted to develop naturally under the control of the Russian people, along with the development of Russia's free political institutions? Shall we in America and in the Allied countries seek with all of our wisdom and experience to assist Russia to avoid the errors into which Western democracy has fallen in the course of its industrial development? Shall we rejoice in the opportunity to put into effect in Russia, as stones in the foundation, those reforms for which Western democracy has had to pay such a heavy price in the demolition of the structure? Or shall we, actuated only by selfish motives, inspired only by greed and materialism, aware only of the temporary profit and reckless of the eternal consequence, break up the natural development of Russia's economic and political destiny (the while we hypocritically explain that we are doing it for Russia's benefit) and insist on grafting all of our own errors and vices on the free Russian stem? To be specific, shall Russia be left to develop her own natural resources and productive power, under the control of her own popular government, or shall she be forced to undergo for a time the familiar process of exploitation at the hands of foreign capital backed by foreign arms? Shall her enormous potential wealth accrue to herself, to her people, to the benefit of Russia, or shall it accrue to banking circles in foreign capitals and to the close corporation of vested financial control?

The latter course would seem to be monstrous;

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and yet it is the course which so far frankly has been followed by Allied and American policy. It is the course which has prompted the bourgeoisie in Russia to revolt frantically against the Soviets; it is the course which has led the Allies (in unconscious agreement with Imperial Germany) to support counter-revolution after counter-revolution in Russia; it is the course which has inspired a propaganda from Russia utterly misrepresenting events and issues; it is the course which has called for military intervention, for recognition of a Siberian Government, for any possible action calculated to break down the authority of the Soviet system. The motive in all these acts has been the spirit of exploitation, which, when driven into the corner, takes refuge in the claim that only through the machinery of the old economic order can Russia properly be saved.

The West perhaps may have the power to break the new Russian democracy, although the breaker will be broken in the end. But the responsibility goes farther than the immediate issue. To break the new Russian democracy means, in no uncertain language, to lose the fight for the new world. It means that the great war which has just now ended will have to be fought over again quite soon and very terribly on a different field. For the fact cannot be evaded that, stripped of misrepresentation and delusion, Soviet Russia's objective is essentially the same as the avowed objective of America and the Allies; or that the tendencies and potentialities of

Bolshevism differ only in degree, but not in kind, from those inherent in all Western democracy. They represent the same broad fundamentals which find expression in the war aims of President Wilson, in the reconstruction program of the British Labor Party, in the program of the new Independent Labor Party in America, and in the language of thoughtful men everywhere when they discuss the growing inadequacies and palpable failures of our present governmental machinery. When we visualize industrial democracy for America, we visualize a state not so far different from the state foreshadowed by the tendencies and potentialities of Soviet Russia. Thus by the inexorable logic of human progress the truth in Russia is bound up with the truth throughout the West; and if the West deny the truth in Russia, it will have denied the truth at home. And truth denied will launch the cataclysm.

It rests with the statesmanship of America and the Allies whether our ostensible objective shall become our real objective, and shall be attained, or whether the compromise must be carried forward to disaster; whether Russia's contribution to democracy shall be recognized and accepted, or whether it shall be spurned and scattered, to appear anon behind the lines of the entrenched and self-righteous authorities; whether the West can learn its lesson in time, or whether civilization must go down in ruins before the new world appears.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

Democracy, Watch Your Step!

PERHAPS THE MOST striking feature of President Wilson's psychology, as revealed by his proclamations, is an unerring sense of the popular will which he reflects in words of precise and clear-cut meanings. It is that which has made him the idol of the millions in Europe who in sweat, blood, and sorrow fought and won the war. In his speech of January 22, 1917 to the Senate, the President declared for a free, united, and autonomous Poland and by that speech stirred the hearts and fired the imaginations and stimulated the lives of upward of twenty-six millions of Poles who for centuries have carried the yoke of foreign autocracy and repression.

The armistice automatically created a free Poland and on November 15, at a meeting in Poland at which all of the many political parties were represented, General Joseph Pilsudski, released by the armistice from a German prison, was selected to

choose their Government and act as its first President. That was self-determination, prompt, pure and simple; it was Wilsonian democracy triumphant.

But the most interesting feature of the situation to Americans was the contrast between the Polish policy of President Wilson as he stated it to the Senate and the manner in which it was antagonized within the knowledge of the highest Administration political circles. I refer to the moral, if not definitely official, support given by the State and War Departments to a group of exiled Poles living in Paris, who had arrogated to themselves the functions of the Government of the new State of Poland which President Wilson said the war must make free, united, and autonomous. The attitude of the Poles in Poland towards that Paris Committee of exiles is shown by the official act of the convention

which chose General Pilsudski and which at the same time unanimously denounced the Paris Committee as having had no authority at any time to speak or act for the Polish people. The justice of that denunciation was recognized by every person who was familiar with the activities of the Paris Committee in Europe and America, and who believes in democracy as opposed to autocracy. Briefly, the history of that Committee is one of flagrant self-seeking carried out with all the cupidity of skilled unscrupulous politicians who exploited for their own ends the people, the distress of Poland, the frailties of stupid American Administration officials, even President Wilson's unmistakable, clearly stated principles for the self-determination of peoples.

Who constituted and what were the records of that Paris Committee? They were ten men whose activities prior to the war were chiefly in furthering the interests of the three monarchies who held Poland in their autocratic and persecuting power. These men had by intrigue with the reactionaries in Europe obtained a semi-official recognition by the French and British Governments; and it was that recognition which gave them a standing in the American State and War Departments which no amount of information offered by disinterested persons could dislodge. It was that quasi-official recognition which makes a dark chapter in the record of America's war activities. The State and War Departments shied at this question put to them with all the backing of documentary evidence: "In view of a war waged in behalf of democracy and the freedom of oppressed nationalities, why should a group which is monarchical, representative of conservative economic interests, and largely anti-Semitic, occupy such an important semi-official political status?"

The member of the Paris Committee officially delegated to America was Mr. Paderewski, the great pianist. His social prominence and his representation of the idealistic spirit of the Poles in America made him an admirable leader for the Paris Committee's purposes; it enabled him to charm ignorant "society people" into endorsing his activities and to deceive the immigrants concerning the real purposes of his schemes. As a politician his ability commanded respect by reason of the organization, ostensibly for Polish relief and for a free Poland, which he rapidly effected. His first alliance was with the Polish Roman Catholic Church and especially with that branch of the Polish clergy which openly opposes Americanization among the immigrants. Another stone in the foundation of the organization was Mr. Smulski, of Chicago, a

politician of the machine type, a man who had been State Treasurer of Illinois, and a banker of considerable prominence. This combination of great human and social forces—idealism, Church, machine politics—reenforced by a central business organization, publicity bureau, lobbyists, press agents, and the gullibility of high Administration officials, made of the Paris Committee a potent influence among the four millions of Poles in America. Indeed so powerful was the combination that the Paris Committee with no authority except that of their own egotistic ambitions were able to do several very undemocratic, yea blatantly autocratic, things: First, they extracted from the four millions of Poles and many trusting Americans vast sums of money, supposedly for Polish relief. One donation of a thousand dollars for the relief of war victims in Poland was transferred to the fund for the Polish Army, the organization and maintenance of which was part of their shrewd political program. Their influence at Washington was such that, by an official order of the War Department, all money donated in America for the relief of war victims in Poland could be sent to Poland only through Mr. Paderewski. Of course that order prevented those people to whom the nature of the activities of the Paderewski faction were known from sending money to the starving and naked people in devastated Poland. For instance, the official representative in America of the Women's League in Poland had \$17,000 in cash ready to send to the war victims, but was told by the War Department that only Mr. Paderewski could handle the money; the money was not sent until Mr. Paderewski was shorn of power by the repudiation of the Paris Committee by the free Poles in Poland.

There were no tricks of the political trade that this faction did not practice with skill and ingenuity in attempts to gain their ends. For example, the newspapers of July 18 announced a bill to be introduced into the United States Senate by Senator Hitchcock which proposed to bind the United States to recognize the Paris Committee as the only official representatives of the new State of Poland, and to give it the power to determine what Poles in America were to be classed as "enemy aliens"—which was rather a nice, coercive measure for the liberal Poles in America, who recognized the true status of the Paderewski faction and stated their opinions in the independent Polish press. Senator Hitchcock ignored a letter written to him at that time calling attention to the fact that a scientific study of Polish conditions in America was being made and that the organization and its data were at his disposal. The same Senator also refrained

from answering the following telegram sent on November 25 by the author of the above mentioned letter:

The first act of the free Poles in Poland was to choose their own ruler in the person of General Pilsudski. That act is a sad commentary upon your proposed Senate bill to bind America to recognize the autocratic Polish faction that consistently maligned and persecuted Pilsudski here and in Europe. The lesson to you as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee should be to conduct a scientific study of the problems involved in the subject nations, and thus avoid again embarrassing President Wilson's policy for the self-determination of all peoples. See Professor Dewey's report to the Government for information as to methods of procedure. This is an open telegram and a challenge to debate the democratic and educational principles embodied.

Perhaps the finest bit of political trickery which this Paris Committee executed was that which Professor Dewey exposed in *The New Republic* of August 24, 1918 under the title *Autocracy Under Cover*. Briefly, it was the announcement of a convention, to be held in Detroit beginning August 26, that would represent, speak and act for, the four billions of Poles in America. In fact the Convention represented the Paderewski faction exclusively (an extremely small minority), was "packed" by prime machine methods; not a delegate had the right of free speech, and no liberals could possibly gain access to it. The packing of the Convention was done chiefly through the obliging offices of the Church. The real objects of the Convention it would be libelous to state publicly, but the Government was informed of one of them in time to check a resolution that would have been a serious affront to the Government's policies. At the convention two native American liberals were denounced as "pro-German" because of their known association with a sociological investigation which had been the means of placing in the hands of the War and State Departments much data concerning the Paris Committee and its activities in Europe and America of which they challenged refutation. That denunciation was expected because the "pro-German" attitude was the single red herring in their intellectual basket, and they applied it indiscriminately and as a matter of routine to every person who thought in terms other than theirs. And, as usual too, the Department of Justice promptly investigated the charges, but no arrests or warnings followed; the investigations and the expenses to the public were the Governmental evils sufficient unto the days thereof.

A minor irony of the situation was the fact that one of these Americans investigated by the Department of Justice had furnished the total financial support to the private laboratory in which was

originated the gas mask worn at that time by the American soldiers at the French front. The War Department had written him a letter of appreciation, but they and the Department of Justice were evidently not on speaking terms in reference to the war.

The Paderewski faction was apparently persona grata in the State Department until the acts of the great Polish patriot, General Pilsudski, and the great, free Polish people in reference to their own Government gave the United States Government food for serious thought. It settled the Polish question and all such minor futilities as the Detroit Convention, Senator Hitchcock, Mr. Paderewski, the political machine, and so forth, in that particular connection. The stars in their courses will not be balked.

The Paris Committee was asphyxiated and interred by the inexorable logic of the irrepressible spirit of man who will, and must, be free. But the Polish situation was merely a replica in miniature of the world problem that President Wilson will face at the peace table. The disembodied spirit of the Paris Committee will be there in its protean, multi-national forms. The countless millions of the exploited hope, with the pent-up repressions of the ages, symbolized by the Poles, that the President meant what he said and that he has the courage and the greatness of character to tell the exploiters that their sun has set. These millions will forget his apparent defections regarding the Russian intervention, open diplomacy, the labor delegation, as the expedients of losing the small stakes to get an opportunity at the big one—the freedom for all mankind that will be lost or won for them by him. It is to be hoped that he will have the greatness of soul to carry out the intimation made in his speech at the opening of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, that if he does not win the reactionaries will lose, and lose violently, by his appeal over the heads of the rulers to the peoples themselves. If Democracy's step be sure and firm, the victory will be speedy and complete and probably with the smoothness and precision that made Poland a free people with no resulting harm except to the autocrats. President Wilson would return with the power and probably the determination to begin democracy at home. The Lodges and the Roosevelts would disappear by means of the same mechanism that smothered the Paris Committee, and the Hitchcocks would be compelled to get the preliminary education that would avoid the ignominy of having official America preach democracy at the head and practice autocracy at the extremities.

ALBERT C. BARNES.

Letters to Unknown Women: Heliodora

TO HELIODORA:

Heliodora! Heliodora! Though the poet who sang you is counted neither among the great poets nor among the great lovers, your beautiful name echoes insistently in our ears; and though you are but a legend to us, tenuous as some faint perfume, we cannot forget you, Heliodora! Heliodora! Gift of the sun god, we liken you in our fancy to a golden flower, to a stem of wheat, to a cluster of grapes. We cannot know whether you lived at Gadara, at Cos, or at Alexandria; but this we know—that you were beloved by a poet whose words still move us in these later years. And since when we think of Meleager's mistress it is always your name we speak, perhaps you will forgive him for having loved Timarion and Senophile and Demo and Tryphera. It is too much to ask you to forgive them. Be consoled; while Meleager is remembered, Heliodora will not be forgotten.

Perhaps you have forgotten what love is, wandering in those cold fields of Persephone, where there are none of the blossoms of Enna. Listen then to the voice of your lover singing at the feast with the rose-wreath in his hair:

"Pour the wine and say 'Heliodora'"—he speaks your name—"again and yet again say 'Heliodora'; mingle with the wine that most sweet sound.

"Give me the flower-crown of yesterday, wet with perfume, in memory of her.

"Look! The amorous rose weeps to see her other-where and not upon my breast."

Were you cruel, were you faithless, Heliodora? The world will not easily forgive you for stabbing the poet's heart. If you were not faithless why does he cry out:

"O Night, oh my sleepless yearning for Heliodora, oh the tearful chafings of tortured dawns—does any trace of my love remain, any remembered kiss warm her cold image?"

Were you cold to our poet, Heliodora? For a moment he plays with the thought that though you were far away you "clasped to your breast and kissed a heart-deluding image." But if you were not faithless, Heliodora, why does he cry out: "Has she a new love, a new plaything?"

Heliodora, you were as unfaithful to our poet as he was to you. The gods are just.

But we can forgive you much, for although you were a hetaira—or perhaps because of that—you loved flowers and you sang gracefully, and you were beloved by Meleager so that he cried out that

love was as a fire burning him, that love had molded your image in his heart, that love was sweet yet hard to bear, yet bitter to the heart.

You were a flower among women, so that when the rose-crown withered on your brow in the hot air of the banquet room, Meleager could exclaim that you still shone the flower of flowers. He sends you white violet and narcissus with myrtle, lilies and soft crocus and dark blue hyacinths and the lover's rose "so that the garland about the temples of myrrh-tressed Heliodora may strew flowers on her bright loose hair."

Your loves were graceful and simple, Heliodora, altogether too graceful and too simple for the taste of today. You do not illustrate some great problem; you are not reformed and you are not punished. You will not please our moralists. You and your lover are so frank, so pleasant in your sensuousness, so innocent of a sense of sin, that you will not please our sensualists. And because you are long dead and not talked about in public gatherings you will not please the folk who are midway between sensualist and moralist but partake a little of each. But yours is a more glorious fate; you are the beloved of poets.

If you were gay and not troubled overmuch about the things of life and the things that might come after death, I hold you to have been happy. Perhaps, in spite of the sweet singing which so stirred the passionate heart of Meleager, you were more nearly interested in your perfumes and spices, in your garments of frail linen, in your polished mirrors and chased boxes and little painted bottles, in your gold chains and jewels and the garland for your hair. At the very same time that you lived, a great philosopher, who was born not far from your lover's birthplace, refused to condemn a hetaira accused before him, and his example is so illustrious that we dare not go against it. And then, too, you died young:

"Tears to thee under the earth, bitter tears I shed for thee, Heliodora, in Orcus; I weep above your grave, that buries my desires, my gaiety.

"Bitterly, bitterly yet does Meleager mourn his beloved among the dead, in empty Acheron.

"Alas, alas, where is my beloved young olive-branch? Death has taken her—dust stains the lovely flower.

"O Earth, O mother of all, my mother, softly, softly clasp her to your breast."

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

"On the Seashore of Endless Worlds"

THREE THOUSAND five hundred of the Business Leaders of America came to Atlantic City on December 3 to reconstruct American Business. Each, of course, was the Typical Big Modern American Business Man. That is, he was "forceful and aggressive," "broad-gage and public-spirited," "forward-looking and virile," and so on. Together they constituted the War Emergency and Reconstruction Conference of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

This was, frankly, a serious occasion. They had endured the humiliation of traveling on Government-operated railroads, and the fatigue of parlor-car journeys from all parts of the country, with no light purpose. They stood, frankly, at the threshold of a New Era. The time had come for American Business to make its position unequivocally clear. No mere equivocal clearness would do. American Labor and the American Farmer had long spoken with voices of authority. Beside them the conflicting tongues of miscellaneous groups of American Business had made timid and unimpressive appeal. Now it was necessary for every forward-looking American Business Man to put shoulder to the wheel and see to it that American Business got not only a fair deal, but that the public learned—what you know and we know—that instead of being its enemy, Business is its friend.

Unfortunate that the public attention just then happened to be distracted by the Peace Conference. Unfortunate that the President could not have postponed it long enough to hear the Voice of American Business on the questions which, as a mere statesman, he would so inadequately handle, or failing that that American Business could not have gone along with him. He had declined however, and it was said that he had taken a mass of carefully compiled statistics with him instead. As if the counsel of statistics could adequately represent American Business!

Under these circumstances however, American Business had only one thing to do and that was to show precisely where it stood, to make its position frankly and unequivocally clear.

It had a right to, too. A year before American Business had "gathered its forces in this city by the sea to pledge its every resource to bring the war to a successful conclusion," and by heck, it had done so. Today the same forces "met to study the problems involved in Reconstruction, and to offer to the Government their best counsel in accomplishing the necessary readjustments."

And so, cigar-cases well filled, they paced the board walk with the well-known forceful, aggressive stride and the broad-gage, virile jaw of the public-spirited, forward-looking American Business Man. That board walk suited their mood so exactly. Smooth, inviting, endless, the even tenor of its way was so reminiscent of the quiet wheel-chair days of American Business before 1914, when we could go on and on as long as we were pushed, invigorated by the free winds of Business Initiative. The sea? Yes, wasn't it beautiful?

The victorious You-Be-Damned of their present mood was lost on the unproletarian board walk, but the rest of us waited for the dawn of December 4 to come up like thunder and the Voice of American Business to unequivocally drown out the sea. Once their thirty-five hundred cigars were lit on Young's Million-Dollar Pier and the windows closed and the Lord's Prayer said, the reconstruction thoughts for which the world was waiting would drop smoothly from the virile, efficient machinery of American Business like shiny safety pins ready for the swaddling clothes of Public Opinion.

Before that, however, the machinery was to be well oiled and tried out in the preliminary meetings of the 350 or so War Service Committees. These committees, representing every industry from baby-carriage manufacturers to casket makers, had given their all-plus to put American Business in high speed for the war. Now, of course, they would help shift gears to the peace pace. Did we therefore wish to know whether the War Industries Board should be abolished, whether price-fixing should continue, whether coal administration should be maintained, and what should be done with the railroads, the tariff, labor, and a few things like that? These things would be settled by those who were conversant with the ways of business, not by theorists or official meddlers. Each committee would bring in its resolutions on these questions, and these multitudinous vibrations of virile American Industry would be sifted down and transmitted to an imperishable record whence would issue unequivocally and as clearly as possible, considering the cigar smoke, the Voice of American Business.

On the first day American Business was so forward-looking that it did not notice the Sea. The Sea was there, of course, but after all it was just water. American Business said with virile emphasis it desired "to be left alone to work out its salvation." Auto makers came out for a "Free Rein

for Industry in After-War Affairs." The Auto Industry was "in a position to take care of itself, if left alone by the Government." All the others, too. Furthermore, the Clayton Act was an "abortion"; "the Webb Bill should be extended to include not only foreign selling but foreign buying," and incidentally domestic business of all kinds as well. Wages were "everywhere showing a Bolshevik spirit"; but let it be understood unequivocally that there was "to be no Labor domination of American Industry."

On the second day several attempts were made to lead them from the board walk to a slightly higher place and direct their attention for a few moments to the Sea. Harry A. Wheeler, "Charlie" Schwab, and Secretary Redfield, and others who had been "endeavoring to guide the industrial interest of the country toward its true, high level" endeavored some more.

In the best of taste Mr. Wheeler spoke of "swords and plowshares" and "pruning-hooks and spears" and the "hum of peaceful husbandry" and the "curse of war." Peace stood "on the threshold of a new day, bidding us lift the curtain upon a world from which the menace of Military Autocracy has been forever removed." "Should we enter in to possess this new world with the boastful arrogance of the foolish victor drunk with power, or with the patient humility of a chastened people intent upon building a new civilization?"

It was a grave question, but he went further. He said the dangers of the state upon which the world was entering were scarcely less than those we had just escaped. "The overthrow of European Governments, inviting experiments with unsound principles of government and all kinds of emotional legislation, is likely to set us apart as the most conservative power on earth," and "we must hold the lamp of our experience to guide the feet of those who are groping through new and untried paths."

Here was a glimpse of the Sea, and uncertain applause.

In view of this perilous wetness, was it not the more necessary that American Business be consulted in framing the peace conditions? The opportunity was open to the United States in that way to suggest a new and enlightened diplomacy free from the devious intrigues of mere statesmen.

Likewise, perhaps, after all, should not the United States lead in proposing "an International plan for rationing basic materials, with the aid and counsel of those expert in handling these commodities"? Failure to do so would "seriously impede the industrial restoration of nations" with large indemnities

to pay; and "any economic boycott, advanced as a punishment of those nations," would only tend "to drive the nations further apart and *increase the unrest in the industrial world.*"

Might not the United States lead here in "a declaration of principles providing for such adjustments as will ultimately assure a Live and Let Live policy for the whole world"?

American Business might "hold these suggestions as more idealistic than practical, but we are facing many vital changes in the controlling power of the political and economic machinery of the world, power which if unrestrained will bring much grief before it settles down to a sober and intelligent recognition of its ability to impose harm as well as good."

The Sea, gentlemen, is sometimes wet and cold. Would it not be best to hang our clothes on a hickory limb, while there are any hickory limbs left?

This was dismal, but then "Charlie" came like the sun from behind a cloud and they returned to the Beautiful Board Walk and cheered up. He saw before him "the energetic countenance of the American Business Man that made this nation of ours what it is," and "whose efforts and accomplishments, my boys, were unparalleled in the history of any nation." We were finished with this great and victorious war. We were to be congratulated, we American Business Men, upon the part we had played in this war and for the position in which we had placed this great and glorious country of ours. There were problems before us, to be sure, but he was an optimist, and had never lost confidence in the American Business Man, and in the American Workman who was the backbone of this great nation of ours. Matters would adjust themselves industrially sooner or later by the natural course of events, but what we want to prevent is that sudden slip of the cog which will give us a social jolt that may be dangerous to our industries for years to come. We must be patient. We must go along with small or no profits if necessary. We must bend every effort to keep our employees busy, employed, and satisfied.

This was a day of democracy in which we were standing shoulder to shoulder for the protection and glorification of this great and glorious country of ours. We might expect troubles and difficulties, but we must plunge ahead with the confidence that the business interests of the United States were going onward and upward in spite of any condition that might arise in this great country of ours. [Applause]

"The American workman can stand with his head in the air as you and I and say 'I am an American citizen.' What prouder thing is there for any man to say? What greater nation on the face

of the earth, what nation that God has endowed with more natural resources than this great nation of ours? Above all he has endowed it with a people so filled with energy and patriotic enthusiasms as to place it for all time to come at the head of all the nations of the world." [Applause]

And he would add just one word more. "We Americans might be great manufacturers and all that, but we must pay the same tribute of respect to our wives that this great nation of ours has paid to the women of the United States in this great crisis. Why should we not expect this of American mothers and American wives, the true women of a true nation, the true wife of a true American and the true mother of a true American son?" [Applause]

Thus, expansively, good-naturedly, Charlie patted them all on the back and waved his hands once or twice toward the Sea, but it was such a calm Sea, sparkling so cheerfully in the sunshine.

Secretary Redfield, however, boldly herded them off the Sweet Old Board Walk altogether and invited them to try the water with their large toes to convince themselves that it was wet. If it were permitted him to urge a few words of practical advice to American Industry he would say: "Beware of the temptation hastily to lay rash hands upon wages. Concentrate thought and effort on output. We need, of course, a large and expanding export trade, but the mere entering of foreign markets by cut prices or off-quality goods or by dumping or untruthful advertising or by force of Government aid or political power is in no true sense commerce, nor can it last." And splashing them vigorously and rudely, he said: "Do we think of our sister nations as twenty years ago a trust magnate thought

of the concerns whose business he would like to grasp? . . . Will our thought be to aid, with a spirit of service running through all, serving those who served us first? . . . Shall it be the American Eagle that flies high or the American Hog that roots low?"

And so by the second day they began to admit the Sea was there, cold and wet, and troubled by strange tides, and on the third day they stood with Mr. Rockefeller on the shore and eagerly watched him demonstrate how the pacifying petroleum of Representation in Industry would calm the waves and abolish the tides and usher in a New Era of Brotherhood.

And when American Business went back to its committee resolutions that evening the sea air was in its nostrils and sea sounds in its ears and its head was strangely giddy. I heard one group of forceful aggressive American Business Men offer a resolution "favoring legislation to permit combination to standardize products, eliminate waste, and for any other purposes that might be considered necessary"—and loudly laugh it down. Another quite simply turned a resolution *against* the continuation of price-fixing on iron and steel into one *for* the continuation of price-fixing on iron and steel. And a group of coal men decided first for the abandonment of the fuel administration control, and then begged it to stay.

The next morning, after a short, desperate, and virile promenade on the board walk of beautiful old '14, American Business got out its little shovels and pails and played in the sand. And when it went home it took some large sea shells with it.

VIRGIL JORDAN.

"Quanti Dolci Pensier, Quanto Disio"

We talk of taxes and I call you friend;
Well, such you are; but well enough we know
How thick about us root, how rankly grow
Those subtle weeds no man has need to tend,
That flourish through neglect, and soon must send
Perfume too sweet upon us and overthrow
Our steady senses: how such matters go
We are aware, and how such matters end.

Yet shall be told no meager passion here:
With lovers such as we forevermore
Isolde drinks the draught; and Guenevere
Receives the Table's ruin through her door;
Francesca, with the loud surf at her ear,
Lets fall the colored book upon the floor.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

Primitive Reconstruction

IT IS A PITY that Arnold Wright's *Early English Adventurers in the East* (Dutton; \$4) is not illustrated—illustrated with original woodcuts, clumsily scratched into the blocks while the guiding thumb of the old sea-rover indicated where *they* stood when they threatened to set fire to the English ship, and where *he* stood when he fired the gun that sent the canoe and its occupants into the Kingdom of the Heavenly Papua. These old pictures, besides their charm, have a great advantage. They show the almost ludicrous risks the earliest adventurers ran in the tortuous narrows of those ill-charted Indian seas.

A cheerful task awaited the first men to round the Cape of Good Hope. Not only were they to find riches unlimited—spices and gold and flowery silks—they also served their country and their Queen when they drowned another Portuguese crew or forced another Spanish governor to work in the bagnio. It is a fact, oft forgotten but nevertheless true, that the pioneer work in the Indies was not done by the present occupants of the British and Dutch colonies. When the adventurers from London and Amsterdam appeared upon the scene, the Portuguese and Spaniards had sailed the Malayan Seas for almost a century. Vasco da Gama had doubled the Cape in 1498. But not until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Spanish Armada had been definitely annihilated and the road to the Indies was free, did the English and the Dutch navigators venture past the deadline drawn between Lisbon and the Azores. Even then the voyage was dangerous and uncertain. The Spanish colonial officials had guarded their charts and their nautical secrets with great care—often with disastrous results to themselves. The existence of Torres Street between New Guinea and Australia was known to the Spaniards, who kept that useful information hidden in their archives for almost two hundred years, when the discoverers of Tasman made their knowledge useless. In the same way no Spanish or Portuguese pilot was allowed to serve a foreign master. Such rumors as circulated in the pothouses of Bristol and the small towns along the Zuyder Zee had been gathered at serious personal risk. Not until Linschoten returned home from his twenty years of cheerful wandering amidst the Portuguese colonies was the riddle solved with any accuracy. Then both Holland and England gave up their search for a North-Eastern passage and made straight for the promised land of the Great Mogul and the dodo-

bird. An English and a Dutch East India Company were formed (terribly overcapitalized and incredibly successful) and the combined task of dividend-hunting and Portuguese-baiting was undertaken on a large and most profitable scale. The result of this enterprise is well known. Spain and Portugal were driven out of the Indies, and the English and Dutch took possession.

The adventures of the earliest English navigators are well depicted in the present volume by Mr. Wright. It is a happy book. It is fair. The mysterious drama of Ambonia, where Dutch and English imperial ambitions clashed and caused a disgusting legal massacre, is given in detail but without prejudice. It was a miserable affair, and unfortunately it was in keeping with much else. The Old Testament and Doctor Calvin were responsible for many horrors. Was not man the master and owner of the land and the water and the fishes and the little brown men who plowed and harvested in this paradise of the heathen and the idol? Did not the captain of the ship which destroyed a few spice-islands to keep the price of nutmeg at the prevailing rate serve both his stockholders and his God? The work of the Hakluyt Society and the Linschoten Vereeniging has given us sufficient data upon which to judge the psyche of the men who did the rough work of establishing their respective colonial domains. They destroyed and burned and reconstructed with a profound belief in a personal divinity and a firm assurance of ultimate salvation. Nowadays a few minor atrocities amidst the naked savages of the Congo fill the world with disgust. Our ancestors of three hundred years ago took such occurrences for granted, and golden medals and bejeweled swords awaited the brave sailors who came home to report upon events which would hardly be covered in the least scrupulous of our newspapers. While the commercial agent of that day—the good old factor—would not find employment with the most hardened of our bucket-shop magnates.

That is one of the reasons why Mr. Wright's book may be recommended to the reader. It answers the question whether the world of men is stationary or progressive. Not only does the human race proceed; it rushes ahead at a terrible pace. What the German Junker, from the darkest part of interior Europe, did in Belgium and Northern France was a common occurrence with our own ancestors only eight generations ago. They accepted such methods of warfare and greed as common events—acts of

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nature and acts of God. Their grandchildren have seen a great light and millions of them have given their lives that such things as these may never happen again.

Nature works with rough broad strokes. But the picture is improving. The history of early

colonial development and the subsequent growth of colonial responsibility shows what only a few centuries of applied intelligence will do for us. And we are still so young.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

An Examination of Eminences

FOR MAKING a younger generation of rebels and malcontents the Victorian Age gets and deserves a good deal of reproach. Its descendants have not desired to find it so unsatisfactory. They would much prefer to have sprung from a society which they could really reverence. It is easier and altogether pleasanter to love your parents than to dislike them; and one's days would have been all the fairer in the land if the commandment could have been obeyed by their children with a joyous heart and a clear conscience. But it was not so to be. A budding young middle class in England and America found itself too tightly encased in tastes and values that did not at all accord with the pushings within or the faint but tantalizing interests without. In a world where everything was becoming public, where everyone was being enjoined to take his place in the world's work, the young person feeling the oats of his intelligence found that he was still being kept by family, school, and church in a state of tutelage. Parents to whose timid souls the confines of conventionality had been extremely grateful found themselves giving birth to amazing prodigies of reluctance and self-will. The turbulence of old submerged ancestors seemed to break out rather generally in this younger generation; and contempt, disdain, irreverence, flightiness, bump-tiousness, and rebellion raised their horrid heads. The vigorous and the wicked got easily free, but on the more sensitive youth the divine right of parents and of the small-town sanctities often bore so heavily that a large part of their golden youth was spent in mere disentanglement.

The mournful inadequacies of religion, the urgency of socialism, sex-expression, and worthy work all served as rationalizations for the wild impulsive need of escape. But the fashion became gradually for us to roll our resentments into a blanket indictment of the Victorian Age. This happy way of taking the offensive-defensive has almost driven the Victorians from the field. It has been almost too successful. Not content with turning the dear Queen into a sort of perpetual wet-nurse to a civilization, it has made of all the notables

—political, literary, religious—a cluster of priggish children about her skirts. Even Wells still pursues her relentlessly in his last novel as "that little old German woman." The anti-Victorian rebellion long since got into the play and the novel, but biography has been left untouched. No one has dared to touch the sacred personalities themselves. One could flash sharp little nips at them; but to take a life and turn it inside out, letting all the modern irony and youthful disdain play upon it, was an enterprise which has surpassed the genius of this younger generation.

Until now. Mr. Lytton Strachey, in *Eminent Victorians* (Putnam; \$3.50), has done that very thing—just at the time when the fun of hitting the Victorian Age over the head, the delight of referring all our spiritual disorders, bonds, and tensions back to the innocent maleficence of what was after all a varied and vivid time, is becoming a little stale. With a cruelly masterful hand he has gone below the surface and turned up its paradoxes. We gloat over that "eminent." Not Gladstone or Tennyson or Browning or Disraeli are his samples; but Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Thomas Arnold, and General Gordon—people of no permanent influence, but revealing because their contemporaries became excited about them. They had the luck to set vibrating the peculiar reverences and interests which that society took with the most unquestioning sobriety and satisfaction. Mr. Strachey is the young man looking his elders and betters for the first time full in the face, sizing them up in the complete poise of a modern self-assurance. From them he squeezes the last drop of the glorious juice which they so unexpectedly have to give forth. They live under his hand as no mere solitary targets for his depreciations. They trail along with themselves other figures—Newman, Gladstone, Clough, Sir Evelyn Baring, and typical Englishmen like Lord Hartington—in etched portraits that bring a surprisingly large part of the political and religious tendencies of the time before us.

Mr. Strachey's preface is disarming and entrancing:

The history of the Victorian Age will never be written; we know too much about it. For ignorance is the first requisite of the historian—ignorance which simplifies and clarifies, which selects and omits, with a placid perfection unattainable by the highest art. Concerning the age which has just passed, our fathers and our grandfathers have poured forth and accumulated so vast a quantity of information that the industry of a Ranke would be submerged by it, and the perspicacity of a Gibbon would quail before it. It is not by the direct method of a scrupulous narration that the explorer of the past can hope to depict that singular epoch. If he is wise, he will adopt a subtler strategy. He will attack his subject in unexpected places; he will fall upon the flank or the rear; he will shoot a sudden, revealing searchlight into obscure recesses, hitherto undivined. He will row out over that great ocean of material, and lower down into it, here and there, a little bucket, which will bring up to the light of day some characteristic specimen from these far depths, to be examined with a careful curiosity.

That subtler strategy Mr. Strachey has adopted, with a mind so keenly tempered, a skill so deadly, that it is no wonder that the tough Victorian remnant is reported to be in consternation over this book which has created a stir in England even in wartime. This man has them at his mercy because he does not rant, he does not wring his hands or rail at Victorian obtuseness and middle-class stodginess. Up till now our anti-Victorianism has been evangelistic. He improves on the evangelists by presenting not an argument, or a gospel, but the clear, cool, and always joyous truth. He tells the revealing facts, and he lets his heroes perform all their own malice for him in their own words: Gladstone congratulating Manning gleefully on his promotion to an Archdeaconship, only to catch himself up with a reminder of "the great principle of communion in the body of Christ"; Dr. Arnold saying that the "one thing needful for a Christian and an Englishman to study is Christian and moral and political philosophy"; and the Royal approbation falling with exquisite timeliness on the exploits of Miss Nightingale and revealing in the inimitable style of the Queen's own letters the origin of the immortal Hermione.

Mr. Strachey is formidable. He escapes smartness, even when he says that "when Newman was a child he 'wished he could believe the Arabian nights were true.' When he came to be a man, his wish seems to have been granted"; or that "one has the impression that Miss Nightingale has got the Almighty too into her clutches, and that, if He is not careful, she will kill Him with overwork." All his cleverness is substantiated. He treats his subjects, no matter how playful he sounds—and the book is dotted with delicious anecdotes—with a fine seriousness. But his tact has the vigor of a generation that has at last come into its intellectual own and has its ancient hinderers on the run. Bumptious youth can usually be discounted on the ground

of its hopeless ignorance, its smattering scholarship, its lack of experience, and its eloquence that is mere raw egoism. But what can be done with a mind of this terrifying competency, who builds up an unassailable structure of facts, and writes a racy narrative in the clearest and most rhythmical of styles? His irreverences are not mere insubordination but a genuine transvaluation of values. Froude and Clough "went through an experience which was more distressing in those days than it has since become; they lost their faith." He has only to outline the great hubbub about the Gorham Judgment—"the questions at issue were taken very seriously by a large number of persons"—or the questions of Church and State that Dr. Arnold and others ground the edges of their minds upon, to relegate the Age almost to the mediocrity of the angelic doctors.

Manning's scruples deepened with his desires, and he could satisfy his most exorbitant ambitions in a profundity of self-abasement.

He traces lightly the intricate thread of personal ambition that played through a society which had almost completely succeeded in translating every human purpose into terms of exalted altruism, or Christian casuistry. We see the surprising tenacity of Christian metaphysics in lives of the most worldly adventure. He is able to present very human figures without ever losing the sense of their social role in some great conflict of ideas or parties. The indomitable will and strident personality of Miss Nightingale, that early wrecker of a parental home, is as living as her decisive effect on the English War Office. Dr. Arnold's majesty slips into a biting paragraph (as from the pen of one who has suffered but restrains himself) about the influence of Rugby on English education:

The earnest enthusiast who strove to make his pupils Christian gentlemen and who governed his school according to the principles of the Old Testament has proved to be the founder of the worship of athletics and the worship of good form.

In the end of General Gordon we read the weird story of a British Imperialism that did not know its own interests and had to break through, by a sort of animal push, the wavering passions of statesmen to attain its ends.

At any rate it all ended very happily in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British Empire, and a step in the peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring.

The book runs over with good things. One closes it with a new sense of the delicious violence of sheer thought. If there were more Gideons like this, at the sound of such trumpets all the walls of the Victorian Jerichos would certainly fall.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

The Modern Point of View and the New Order

VI.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF NATIONS

THIS SINISTER FACT is patent, that the great war has arisen out of a fateful complication of national ambitions. And it is a fact scarcely less patent that this fateful status quo arose out of the ordinary run of that system of law and custom which has governed human intercourse among civilized nations in our time. The underlying principles of this system of law and custom have continued to govern human intercourse under a new order of material circumstances which has come into effect since these principles were first installed. These enlightened principles that go to make up the modern point of view as regards law and morals are of the eighteenth century, whereas the new order in industry is of the twentieth, and between these two dates lies an interval of unexampled change in the material conditions of life. The great war which is now coming to a provisional close is the largest and most atrocious epoch of warfare known to history, and it has, in point of fact, arisen out of the status quo created by these enlightened principles of the modern point of view in working out their consequences on the ground of the new order of industry.

The great war arose within that group of nations which have the full use of the industrial arts, which conduct their business and control their industries on the lines of these enlightened principles of the eighteenth century, and whose national ambitions and policies are guided by the preconceptions of national self-determination and self-assertion which these modern civilized peoples have habitually found to be good and valid. The group of belligerents has included primarily the great industrial nations, and the outcome of the war is being decided by the industrial superiority of the advanced industrial peoples. A host of slightly backward peoples—backward in the industrial respect—have been drawn into this contest of the great powers, but these have taken part only as interested outliers and as auxiliaries to be drawn on at the discretion of the chief belligerents. It has been a contest of technological superiority and industrial resources, and in the end the decision of it rests with the greater aggregation of industrial forces. Frightfulness and warlike abandon and all the beastly devices of the heathen have proved to be unavailing against the great industrial powers.

The center of the warlike disturbance has been

the same as the center of growth and diffusion of the new order of industry. And in both respects, both as regards participation in the war and as regards their share in the new order of industry, it is not a question of geographical nearness to a geographical center, but of industrial affiliation and technological maturity. The center of disturbance and participation is a center in the technological respect, and in the end the battle goes to those few great industrial peoples who are nearest, technologically speaking, to the apex of growth of the new order. These need be superior in no other respect; the contest is decided on the merits of the industrial arts. And in this connection it may be in place to call to mind again that the state of the industrial arts is always a joint stock of knowledge and proficiency held, exercised, and carried forward by the industrial community at large as a going concern. What the war has vindicated, hitherto, is the great efficiency of the mechanical industry.

But the ambitions and animosities which precipitated this contest, and which now stand ready to bring on a relapse, are not of the industrial order, and eminently not of the new order of technology. They have been more nearly bound up with those principles of self-help that have stood over from the recent past, from the time before the new order of industry came into bearing. And there is a curious parallel between the consequences worked out by these principles in the economic system within each of these nations, on the one hand, and in the concert of nations, on the other hand. Within the nation the enlightened principles of self-help and free contract have given rise to vested interests, which control the industrial system for their own use and thereby come in for a legal right to the community's net output of product over cost. Each of these vested interests habitually aims to take over as much as it can of the lucrative traffic that goes on, and to get as much as it can out of the traffic, at the cost of the rest of the community. After the same analogy, and by sanction of the same liberal principles, the civilized nations, each and several, are vested with an inalienable right of "self-determination"; which being interpreted means the self-aggrandizement of each and several at the cost of the rest, by a reasonable use of force and fraud. And there has been, on the whole, no sense of shame or of moral obliquity attaching to the use of so much

force and fraud as the traffic would bear, in this national enterprise of self-aggrandizement. Such has been use and wont among the civilized nations.

Meantime the new order of industry has come into bearing, with the result that any disturbance which is set afoot by any one of these self-determining nations in pursuing its own ends is sure to derange the conditions of life for all the others, just so far as these others are bound up in the same comprehensive organization of trade and industry. Full and free self-determination runs counter to the rule of Live and Let Live. After the same fashion the businesslike maneuvers of the vested interests within the nations, each managing its own affairs with an eye single to its own advantage, derange the ordinary conditions of life for the common man, and violate the rule of Live and Let Live by that much. Self-determination, full and free, necessarily encroaches on the life of all the others.

So just now there is talk of disallowing or abridging the inalienable right of free nations by so much as is imperatively demanded for reasonably secure conditions of life among these civilized peoples, and especially so far as is required for the orderly pursuit of profitable business by the many vested interests domiciled in these civilized countries. The project has much in common with the measures which have been entertained for the restraint of any insufferably extortionate vested interests within the national frontiers.

In both cases alike, both in the proposed regulation of businesslike excesses at home and in the proposed league of pacific nations, the projected measures of sobriety and tolerance appear to be an infraction of that inalienable right of self-direction that makes up the substantial core of law and custom according to the modern point of view. And in both cases alike the projected measures are designed to go no farther than is unequivocally demanded by the imperative needs of continued life on earth, leaving the benefit of the doubt always on the side of the insufferable vested interests or the mischievous national ambitions, as the case may be, and leaving the impression that it all is a concessive surrender of principles under compulsion of circumstances that will not wait. There is also in both cases alike a well-assured likelihood that the tentative revision of vested interests and of national pretensions is to be no more than an incompetent remedial precaution, a makeshift shelter from the wrath to come.

It is evident that in both cases alike we have to do with an incursion of ideas and considerations that are alien to the established liberal principles of human intercourse; but it is also evident that these

ideas and considerations have the sanction of that new order of things that runs in terms of tangible performance and enforces its requisitions with cruel and unusual punishments. It is these punishments that are to be evaded or suspended, and immunity is sought by measures of formality rather than by tangible performance. In such a case the keepers of the established order will always look to evasion, and entertain a hope of avoiding casualties and holding the line by cleverly designed masquerade.

It is the express purpose of the projected league of pacific nations to keep the sovereign rights of national self-determination intact for all comers; it is to be a league of nations, not a league of peoples. But it should be sufficiently obvious, whether it is avowed or not, that these sovereign rights can be maintained by these means only in a truncated form. Within the framework of any such league or common understanding the nations, each and several, can continue to exercise these rights only on the basis of a mutual agreement to give up so much of their national pretensions as are incompatible with the common good. It involves a concessive surrender of the sovereign right of self-aggrandizement, and perhaps also an extension of the rule of Live and Let Live to cover minor nationalities within the national frontiers—a mutual agreement to play fair under the new rules that are to govern the conduct of national enterprise. But hitherto no liberal statesman has been so audacious as to "imagine the king's death" and lay profane hands on the divine right of nations to seek their own advantage at the cost of the rest by such means as the rule of reason shall decide to be permissible. It is only that license is to be hedged about, and all insufferable superfluity of naughtiness is provisionally to be disallowed.

There is this evident resemblance and kinship between the vested interests of business and the sovereign rights of nations, but it does not amount to identity. There is always something more to the national sovereignty and the national pretensions, although these precautionary measures that are now under advisement as touches the legitimate bounds of both do run on singularly similar lines and are of a similarly tentative and equivocal nature. In the prudent measures by which statesmen have set themselves to curb the excesses of the greater vested interests their aim has quite consistently been to guard the free income of the lesser vested interests against the unseasonable rapacity of the greater ones, all the while that the underlying community has come into the case only as a fair field of business enterprise at large, within which there is to be maintained a reasonable degree of equal opportunity

among these interests, big and little, in whom, one with another, vests the effectual usufruct of the underlying community.

So, on the other hand, the great war has brought into a strong light the obvious fact that, given the existing state of the industrial arts, any unseasonable rapacity on the part of the Great Powers in exercising their inalienable right of national self-determination will effectually suppress the similarly inalienable right of self-determination in any minor nationality that gets in the way. All of which is obnoxious to the liberal principle of self-help or to that of equal opportunity. Unhappily, these two guiding principles of the modern point of view have proved to be incompatible with one another under the circumstances of the new order of things. So there has come into view this project of a league by which it is proposed to play fast and loose with the inalienable right of national self-help by setting up some sort of a collusive arrangement between the Powers, looking to a reasonable disallowance of force and fraud in the pursuit of national ambitions.

Under the material circumstances of the new order those correctives that were once counted on to keep the run of things within the margin of tolerance have ceased to be a sufficient safeguard. By use and wont, in the liberal scheme of statecraft as well as in the scheme of freely competitive business, implicit faith has hitherto been given to the remedial effect of punitive competition and the punitive correction of excesses by law and custom. It has been a system of adjustment by punitive afterthought. All of which may once have been well enough in its time, so long as the rate and scale of the movement of things were slow enough and small enough to be effectually overtaken and set to rights by afterthought. The modern point of view presumes an order of things which is amenable to remedial adjustment after the event. But the new order of industry, and that sweeping equilibrium of material forces that embodies the new order, is not amenable to afterthought. However, ripe statesmen and overripe captains of finance have so secure a grasp of first principles that they are still able to believe quite sincerely in the good old plan of remedial afterthought, and it still commands the affectionate service of the jurists and the diplomatic corps. Meantime the far-reaching, swift-moving, wide-sweeping machine technology has been drawn into the service of national pretensions, as well as of the vested interests that find shelter under the national pretensions, and both the remedial diplomats and the self-determination of nations are on the way to become a tale that was told.

The divine right of nations appears to be a blurred after-image of the divine right of kings. It rests on ground more archaic and less open to scrutiny than the natural right of self-direction as it applies in the case of individual persons. It is a highly prized national asset, in the nature of an imponderable; and, very much as is true of the divine right of kings, any spoken doubt of its paramount validity comes near being a sin against the Holy Ghost. As is true of the divine right of kings, so also as regards the divine right of nations, it is extremely difficult to show that it serves the common good in any material way, in any way that can be formulated or verified in terms of tangible performance. Evidently it does not come in under that mechanistic conception that rules the scheme of knowledge and belief wherever and so far as material science and the machine technology have reshaped men's habits of thought. Indeed it is not a technological conception, late or early. It is not statable in terms of mechanical efficiency, or even in terms of price. Hence it is spoken of, often and eloquently, as being "beyond price." It is more nearly akin to magic and religion. It should perhaps best be conceived as an end in itself, or a thing-in-itself—again in close analogy with the divine right of kings. But there is no question of its substantial reality and its paramount efficacy for good and ill.

The divine—that is to say inscrutable and irresponsible—right of kings reached its best estate and put on divinity in the stirring times of the era of state-making; when the princes and prelates "tore each other in the slime." It was of a proprietary nature, a vested interest, something in the nature of intangible assets, which embodied the usufruct of the realm, including its population and resources, and which could be turned to account in the pursuit of princely or dynastic advantage at home and abroad. This divine right of princes was disallowed among the more civilized peoples on the transition to modern ways of thinking, and the sovereign rights of the prince were then taken over—at least in form and principle—by the people at large, and they have continued to be held by them as some sort of imponderable "community property"—at least in point of form and profession. The vested interest of the prince or the dynasty in the usufruct of the underlying community is thereby presumed to have become a collective interest vested in people of the nation and giving them a "right of user" in their own persons, knowledge, skill, and resources.

The mantle of princely sovereignty has fallen on the common man—formally and according to the

letter of the legal instruments. In practical effect it has been converted into a cloak to cover the nakedness of a government which does business for the kept classes. In practical effect the shift from the dynastic politics of the era of state-making to the liberal policies based on the enlightened principles of the eighteenth century has been a shift from the pursuit of princely dominion to an imperialistic enterprise for the protection and furtherance of those vested interests that are domiciled within the national frontiers. That such has been the practical outcome is due to the fact that these enlightened principles of the eighteenth century comprise as their chief article the "natural" right of ownership. The later course of events has decided that the ownership of property in sufficiently large blocks will control the country's industrial system and thereby take over the disposal of the community's net output of product over cost—on which the vested interests live, and on which, therefore, the kept classes feed. Hence the chief concern of those gentlemanly national governments that have displaced the dynastic states is always and consistently the maintenance of the rights of ownership and investment.

However, these pecuniary interests of investment and free income are not all that is covered by the mantle of democratic sovereignty. Nor will it hold true that the common man has no share in the legacy of sovereignty and national enterprise which the enlightened democratic commonwealth has taken over from the departed dynastic regime. The divine right of the prince included certain imponderables, as well as the usufruct of the material resources of the realm. There were the princely dignity and honor, which were no less substantial an object of value and ambition and were no less tenaciously held by the princes of the dynastic regime than the revenues and material "sinews of war" on which the prestige and honor rested. And the common man of the democratic commonwealth has at least come in for a ratable share in these imponderables of prestige and honor that so are comprised under the divine right of the nation. He has an undivided interest in the glamour of national achievement, and he can swell with just pride in contemplating the triumphs of his gentlemanly government over the vested interests domiciled in any foreign land, or with just indignation at any diplomatic setback suffered by the vested interests domiciled in his own.

There is also a more tangible, though more petty, advantage gained for the common man in having formally taken over the sovereignty from the dead hand of the dynastic prince. The common man being now vested with the divine right of national

sovereignty held in undivided community ownership, it is ceremonially necessary for the gentlemanly stewards of the kept classes to consult the wishes of this their sovereign on any matters of policy that cannot wholly be carried through in a diplomatic corner and under cover of night and cloud. He, collectively, holds an eventual power of veto. And this power of veto has in practice been found to be something of a safeguard against any universal and enduring increase of hardship at the hands of the gentlemen-investors to whom the conduct of the nation's affairs has been "entrusted"—a very modest safeguard, it is true, but always of some eventual consequence. There is the difference that in the democratic commonwealth the common man has to be managed rather than driven—except for minor groups of common men who live on the lower-common levels, and except for occasional periods of legislative hysteria and judiciary blind-staggers. And it is pleasanter to be managed than to be driven. Chicane is a more humane art than corporal punishment. Imperial England is, after all, a milder-mannered stepmother than Imperial Germany. And always the common man comes in for his ratable share in the glamour of national achievement, in war and peace; and this imponderable gain of the spirit is also something. The value of these collective imponderables of national prestige and collective honor is not to be made light of. These count for very much in the drift and set of national sentiment, and moral issues of national moment are wont to arise out of them. Indeed, they constitute the chief incentive which holds the common man to an unrepining constancy in the service of the "national interests." So that, while the tangible shell of material gain appears to have fallen to the democratic community's kept classes, yet the "psychic income" that springs from national enterprise, the spiritual kernel of national elation, they share with the common man on an equitable footing of community interest.

Yet, while the national policies of the democratic commonwealths are managed by liberal statesmen in behalf of the vested interests, they still run on the ancient lines of dynastic statecraft as worked out by the statesmen of the ancient regime; and the common man is still passably content to see the traffic run along on those lines. The things which are considered desirable to be done and the sufficient reasons for doing them still have much of the medieval color. National pretensions, enterprise, rivalry, intrigue, and dissensions among the democratic commonwealths are still such as would have been intelligible to Machiavelli, Frederick the

Great, Metternich, Bismarck, or the Elder Statesmen of Japan. Diplomatic intercourse still runs in the same terms of systematized prevarication, and still turns about the same schedule of national pretensions that contented the medieval spirit of these masters of dynastic intrigue. As a matter of course and of common sense the nations still conceive themselves to be rivals, whose national interests are incompatible, and whose divine right it is to gain something at one another's cost, after the fashion of rival bandits or business concerns. They still seek dominion and still conceive themselves to have extra-territorial interests of a proprietary sort. They still hold and still seek vested rights in colonial possessions and in extra-territorial priorities and concessions of divers and dubious kinds. There still are conferences, stipulations, and guarantees between the Powers, touching the "Open Door" in China, or the equitable partition of Africa, which read like a chapter on Honor Among Thieves.

All this run of national pretensions, wrangles, dominion, aggrandizement, chicane, and ill-will is nothing more than the old familiar trading-stock of the diplomatic brokers who do business in dynastic force and fraud—also called Realpolitik. The democratic nations have taken over in bulk the whole job-lot of vested interests and divine rights that have made the monarch of the old order an unfailing source of outrage and desolation. In the hands of those Elder Statesmen who once did business under the signature of the dynasty, the traffic in statecraft yielded nothing better than a mess of superfluous affliction; and there is no reason to apprehend that a continuation of the same traffic under the management of the younger statesmen who now do business in the name of the democratic commonwealth is likely to bring anything more comfortable, even though the legal instruments in the case may carry the rubber-stamp OK of the common man. The same items will foot up to the same sum; and in either case the net gain is always something appreciably less than nothing.

These national interests are part of the medieval system of ends, ways and means, as it stood, complete and useless, at that juncture when the democratic commonwealth took over the divine rights of the crown. It is a case of aimless survival, on the whole, due partly to the inertia of habit and tradition, partly to the solicitous advocacy of these national interests by those classes—the trading and office-holding classes—who stand to gain something by the pursuit of them at the cost of the rest. By tenacious tradition out of the barbarian past these peoples have continued to be rival nations living in

a state of habitual enmity and distrust, for no better reason than that they have not taken thought and changed their mind.

After some slackening of national animosities and some disposition to neglect national pretensions during the earlier decades of the great era of liberalism the democratic nations have been gradually shifting back to a more truculent attitude and a more crafty and more rapacious management in all international relations. This aggressive chauvinistic policy has been called Imperialism. The movement has visibly kept pace, more or less closely, with the increasing range and volume of commerce and foreign investments during the same period. And to further this business enterprise there has been an ever increasing resort to military power. It is reasonably believed that traders and investors in foreign parts are able to derive a larger profit from their business when they have the backing of a powerful and aggressive national government; particularly in their dealings with helpless and backward peoples, and more particularly if their own national government is sufficiently unscrupulous and overbearing—which may confidently be counted on so long as these governments are administered by the gentlemanly delegates of the vested interests and the kept classes.

As regards the intrinsic value which is popularly attached to the imponderable national possessions, in the way of honor and prestige, there is little to be said beyond the stale reflection that there is no disputing about tastes. It all is at least a profitable illusion, for the use of those who are in a position to profit by it, such as the crown and the office-holders. But the people of the civilized nations believe themselves to have also a material interest of some sort in enlarging the national dominions and in extending the foreign trade of their business men and safeguarding the foreign claims of their vested interests. And the Americans, like many others, harbor the singular delusion that they can derive a collective benefit from obstructing the country's trade at the national frontiers by means of a tariff barrier, and so defeating their own industry by that much. It is a survival out of the barbarian past, out of the time when the dynastic politicians were occupied with isolating the nation and making it self-sufficient, as an engine of warlike enterprise for the pursuit of dynastic ambitions and the greater discomfort of their neighbors. In an increasing degree, as the new order of industry has come into bearing, any such policy of industrial isolation and self-sufficiency has become more difficult and more injurious; for a free range and unhindered specialization is of the essence of the new industrial order.

The experience of the war has shown conclusively that no one country can hereafter supply its own needs either in raw materials or in finished goods. Both the winning and the losing side have shown that. The new industrial order necessarily overlaps the national frontiers, even in the case of a nation possessed of so extensive and varied natural resources as America. So that in spite of all the singularly ingenious obstruction of the American tariff the Americans still continue to draw on foreign sources for most or all of their tea, coffee, sugar, tropical and semi-tropical fruits, vegetable oils, vegetable gums and pigments, cordage fibers, silks, rubber, and a bewildering multitude of minor articles of daily use. Even so peculiarly American an industry as chewing-gum is wholly dependent on foreign raw material, and quite unavoidably so. The most that can be accomplished by any tariff under these circumstances is more or less obstruction. Isolation and self-sufficiency are already far out of the question.

But there are certain vested interests which find their profit in maintaining a tariff barrier as a means of keeping the price up and keeping the supply down; and the common man still faithfully believes that the profits which these vested interests derive in this way from increasing the cost of his livelihood and decreasing the net productivity of his industry will benefit him in some mysterious way. He is persuaded that high prices and a scant supply of goods at a high labor-cost is a desirable state of things. This is incredible, but there is no denying the fact. He knows, of course, that the profits of business go to the business men, the vested interests, and to no one else; but he is still beset with the picturesque hallucination that any unearned income which goes to those vested interests whose central office is in New Jersey is paid to himself in some underhand way, while the gains of those vested interests that are domiciled in Canada are obviously a grievous net loss to him. The tariff moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

To all adult persons of sound mind, and not unduly clouded with the superstitions of the price system, it is an obvious matter of fact that any protective tariff is an obstruction to industry and a means of impoverishment, just so far as it is effective. The arguments to the contrary invariably turn out to be pettifoggers' special pleading for some vested interest or for a warlike national policy, and these arguments convince only those persons who are able to believe that a part is greater than the whole. It also lies in the nature of protective tariffs that they always cost the nation disproportionately

much more than they are worth to those vested interests which profit by them. In this respect they are like any other method of businesslike sabotage. Their aim, and presumably their effect, is to keep the price up by keeping the supply down, to hinder competitors, and retard production. As in other instances of businesslike sabotage the net margin of advantage to those who profit by it is greatly less than what it costs the community.

Yet it is to be noted that the Americans have prospered, on the whole, under protective tariffs which have been as ingeniously and comprehensively foolish as could well be contrived. There is even some color of reason in the contentions of the protectionists that the more reasonable tariffs have commonly been more depressing to industry than the most imbecile of them. All of which should be disquieting to the advocates of free trade. The defect of the free-trade argument, and the disappointment of free-trade policies, lies in overlooking the fact that in the absence of an obstructive tariff substantially the same amount of obstruction has to be accomplished by other means if business is to prosper. And business prosperity is the only manner of prosperity known or provided for among the civilized nations. It is the only manner of prosperity on which the divine right of the nation gives it a claim. A protective tariff is only an alternative method of businesslike sabotage. If and so far as this method of keeping the supply of goods within salutary bounds is not resorted to, other means of accomplishing the same result must be employed. For so long as investment continues to control industry the welfare of the community is bound up with the prosperity of its business; and business cannot be carried on without reasonably profitable prices; and reasonably profitable prices cannot be maintained without a salutary limitation of the supply—which means slowing down production to such a rate and volume as the traffic will bear.

A protective tariff is only one means of crippling the country's industrial forces for the good of business. In its absence all that matter will be taken care of by other means. The tariff may perhaps be a little the most flagrant method of sabotage by which the vested interests are enabled to do a reasonably profitable business; but there is nothing more than a difference of degree and not a large difference at that. So long as industry is managed with a view to a profitable price it is quite indispensable to guard against an excessive rate and volume of output. In the absence of all businesslike sabotage the productive capacity of the industrial system would very shortly pass all reasonable bounds,

prices would decline disastrously, and overhead charges would not be covered, fixed charges on corporation securities and other credit instruments could not be met, and the whole structure of business enterprise would collapse, as it occasionally has done in times of "overproduction." There is no doing business without a fair price, since the net price over cost is the motive of business. A protective tariff is, in effect, an auxiliary safeguard against overproduction.

But the divine right of national self-direction also covers much else of the same description, besides the privilege of setting up a tariff in restraint of trade. There are many channels of such discrimination, of divers kinds, but always it will be found that these channels are channels of sabotage and that they serve the advantage of some group of vested interests which do business under the shelter of the national pretensions. There are foreign investments and concessions to be procured and safe-

guarded for the nation's business men by moral suasion backed with warlike force, and the common man pays the cost; there is discrimination to be exercised and perhaps subsidies and credits to be accorded those of the nation's business men who derive a profit from shipping, for the discomfiture of alien competitors, and the common man pays the cost; there are colonies to be procured and administered at the public expense for the private gain of certain traders, concessionaires, and administrative office-holders, and the common man pays the cost. Back of it all is the nation's divine right to carry arms, to support a competitive military and naval establishment, which has ceased, under the new order, to have any other material use than to enforce or defend the businesslike right of particular vested interests to get something for nothing in some particular place and in some particular way, and the common man pays the cost and swells with pride.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

Whitman, Poe, and Max Eastman

MAX EASTMAN is, according to twice-recorded testimony by no less a critic than the Court of the City of New York, a revolutionary. He is—and even Prosecuting Attorney Earl Barnes eulogized along these lines—a blend of contradictions: a philosopher on fire; a lecturer with ideas; a political theorist who has (in *The Enjoyment of Poetry*) written the most illuminating study of the art of verse that this decade has produced; a languid aristocrat of the arts who rushes forward to overthrow the pomps of aristocracy and to defend what is poverty-stricken, forgotten, or despised. And so it was not strange for Max Eastman to champion formal poetry at a time when this ancient mode was being lorded over and trampled upon in so Prussian a manner by the vers librists; it was a natural if somewhat overanxious taking up of arms for the oppressed that, a year or two ago, prompted his counterblasts in *Lazy Verse*.

Something of these righteous protests or (since Mr. Eastman's poetic work is confined to the strict measures) personal prejudices color the excellent preface in his latest volume, *Colors of Life* (Knopf; \$1.25). His partisan angle of vision leads him to a supple, sensitive prose and a distorted set of conclusions; it causes him to write a foreword which is the most important part of his book—a preface that is, beneath the orderly contours of its style, a curiously passionate and provocative one. Whit-

man has been accepted as the great democratic bard of America; Poe as the anti-realistic, anti-social poet. Mr. Eastman calls for a new valuation. He attempts to show that Poe was actually the more democratic, for while Whitman was writing *about* people, Poe was writing *for* them:

Walt Whitman composed wonderful passages about universal love, but he could not be the universal poet exactly because he was not social enough. He was not humble enough to be social. The rebel egoism of democracy was in him the lordly and compelling thing and though his love for the world was prodigious, it was not the kind of love that gives attention instinctively to the egoism of others.

There may be no grand passion for the idea, but there is a natural companionship with the fact of "democracy," in Poe's statement that he "kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work universally appreciable," and that statement more characteristically distinguishes his attitude from Walt Whitman's than the different ways they had of talking about beauty.

Now, it is not merely an accident, or a reflection upon America or upon human nature, that Walt Whitman, with all his yearnings over the average American and his offering of priesthood and poetry to the people, should remain the poet of a rather esoteric few, whereas Poe—even with the handful of poems he wrote—may be said to be acceptable to the generality of men.

It is Mr. Eastman's explanation of this incongruity that betrays his dogmatism as a philosopher and his limitations as a poet. Mr. Eastman declares that this is "something which only an adequate science of verse can explain" and suggests that Whitman's "realizations of life would be acceptable, and be honored by the 'divine average,'

if they had been conveyed, as Poe's were, in vessels of light, which would make them objective, and from which they might brim over with excess of subjective meaning and emotion." The explanation is far simpler than this and has very little to do with the matter of form, which is Mr. Eastman's chief concern. Whitman, had he been clothed in all the conventional appurtenances of rhyme, regular rhythms, and strict verse structures, would have remained fully as unpopular with the vast majority, who steadfastly prefer prettiness to splendor, exotic fantasies to hard self-analysis, tinsel to truth. Whitman, even though Leaves of Grass had been a sonnet sequence, was saying things that most people did not want to hear; it was his frankness not his form that kept them away. Poe did not trouble them with harsh realities; he soothed them with a narcotic romanticism. But that escape alone would not have endeared Poe to the heart of the literary bourgeoisie. The Raven and Annabel Lee might, as Mr. Eastman points out, "be found in illuminated covers on the most 'average' of American parlor tables." It is however not the beauty of its form that has put The Raven there: it is its cheapness. Such an uplifting and magnificent pattern of regularity as Francis Thompson's A Fallen Yew, or Robert Bridges' A Passer-by, or George Meredith's Love in the Valley, or any of A. E. Housman's lyrics from The Shropshire Lad—or, for that matter, Poe's The City in the Sea—none of these are to be found "on the most 'average' of parlor tables."

The Raven and Annabel Lee owe their popularity to the fact that they are unusually jingly settings of bathetically sentimental themes. The Raven is liked precisely as a "popular" tune is liked, commonplace enough to be easily learned by heart and bearing the same relation to great poetry that Nevin's equally popular Narcissus bears to great music; Annabel Lee has even been made into a "popular" movie. Had Whitman been endowed with all the metrical dexterity of A. C. Swinburne, it is hard to imagine the Song of Myself adapted for the patrons of The Rivoli Motion Picture Palace. Popularity is scarcely a sure test for either poetry or democracy. The greater Poe is as unknown to the lovers of his Lenore as the forbidding (and even forbidden) author of Children of Adam. If popularity were to mean anything except an almost universal appetite for what is cheap, untroublesome, and second-rate, it might be significant to observe that Captain, My Captain! (perhaps the poorest thing that Whitman ever wrote) lies on the same table with Little Boy Blue and Annabel Lee.

When Mr. Eastman proceeds to leave Poe for the poetasters he is on solid ground. He strikes out and scores heavily in the second half of his essay; especially when, with a prodigal excess of vigor, he punctures so many of the vers librists' bubbles. Here is an especially keen passage:

To incorporate in a passage of printed symbols an indeterminate element so marked and so frequent as that, is to say to the reader—"Take the passage and organize it into whatever rhythmical pattern may please yourself." And that is what the reader of free verse usually does, knowing that if he comes into any great difficulty, he can make a full stop at the end of some line, and shift the gears of his rhythm altogether. And, since it is possible for one who is rhythmically gifted to organize any indeterminate series of impressions whatsoever into an acceptable rhythm, he frequently produces a very enjoyable piece of music, which he attributes to the author, and having made it himself, is not unable to admire. Thus a good many poets who could hardly beat a going march on a bass drum, are enabled by the gullibility and talent of their readers to come forward in this kind of writing as musicians of special and elaborate skill. The "freedom" that it gives them is not a freedom to build rhythms that are impossible in prose, but a freedom from the necessity to build actual and continuous rhythms. Free verse avails itself of the rhythmic appearance of poetry, and it avoids the extreme rhythmic difficulties of prose, and so it will certainly live as a supremely convenient way to write, among those not too strongly appealed to by the greater convenience of not writing.

This sharpness and distinction of speech is not always with Mr. Eastman when he endeavors, in his verse, to live up to the demands of his prologue. In his prose Max Eastman is always the poet; in his poetry he is an artist anxious to capture beauty rather than a captor driven by it. His sonnets (with the exception of the caustic rejoinder to E. S. Martin and the ironically moving The Net) are a bit dessicated; his lyrics, for all their insistence on flame and desire, strangely cool. Coming to Port and To an Actress attain a passion that the others only approximate. But the freshest of his poems are the early ones; and the best of these is still At the Aquarium:

Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed;
As through the aged depths of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion.
They have no pathway where they go,
They flow like water to and fro.
They watch with never winking eyes,
They watch with staring, cold surprise,
The level people in the air,
The people peering, peering there,
Who wander also to and fro,
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise.

The greater part of the volume contains much that no one but an intransigent lover of earth could have felt. But its outstanding virtue is this: it is an excellent introduction to the preface.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Talent of the Brush

SINCE Norbert Heermann's history of a distinguished and yet little known American painter, Frank Duveneck (Houghton, Mifflin; \$2), has a sentence of John Singer Sargent's on its jacket and as the very first words of its text, we may feel justified in taking as our theme the quality which is thus proposed to us. For it was not in the layman's sense of the words, that would make "talent of the brush" mean much the same as "artist," that Sargent spoke. When he expressed his opinion that "after all is said, Frank Duveneck is the greatest talent of the brush of this generation," he had in mind that mastery over the instrument of painting, that technique—in the special use of the word, which means handling—so brilliantly exemplified in the work of Sargent himself.

To the admirers of Frank Duveneck, Mr. Heermann's little volume will come as a welcome tribute to a sympathetic personality, to an able painter, to a teacher who has exercised a wide influence; to future writers the value of the book must lie in its statement of fact. For the most casual survey of the illustrations must convince us that the author only impeaches himself as a critic when he says of Duveneck: "There is in his work a certain finality of grasp, with a dignity, a calm, which to the connoisseur is akin to the serenity of the Greek." Sargent, with all his emphasis, does not get himself into such deep water as this; the use of such weighty expressions as "finality" and "serenity" surely was due to too great an absorption in his subject.

Or indeed, if some admirer of Duveneck's should feel disposed to criticize the present critic and say the Greeks and Rembrandt and Rubens, whom Mr. Heermann invokes, are themselves the reason for such praise of the painter, how does it come about that all but three of the numerous paintings reproduced date from Duveneck's thirtieth year or earlier, and the remainder from not later than his fortieth, whereas the artist is seventy years of age today? Men great enough to justify the use of such words as this book uses so prodigally do not peter out. There is no example of a master's going backward as the latter work of Duveneck shows him to have done—the three paintings of 1887 being unquestionably a disappointment after the artist's production of the seventies. We are left to infer, from the omission of any painting done in the last thirty years, that the pictures of that period are even less worthy to bear out the promise of the young man whom William Morris Hunt hailed so cordially in 1875. Indeed such later works by Duveneck as have been

shown only confirm the idea that the talent of the brush is not sufficient for an art which shall remain fruitful so long, even, as the artist lives.

It is as a man of his generation that Duveneck must be considered, or more exactly, as one of that group in it who went to Germany for their training. The best of them saw into the poverty of the older generation of the German painters they found, and formed their art on that of Leibl, himself a devoted follower of Courbet. Despite their later turning directly to French masters, they all retained something of the Münchener in their painting. The classic sense of form, which underlies all good French art, quite eluded the German students of Courbet, and the Americans who came to them for guidance felt the need of the vital quality even less. It was the robustness of Courbet which delighted them: "That is no kid-glove painting" was Leibl's word for the great Frenchman. And so the effort of that Munich of the seventies which we see so clearly in Duveneck's best pictures was for mastery of handling, the "talent of the brush." It went easily with their attitude toward nature. Mr. Heermann reminds us that the art of Courbet and his group was "*la nature vue à travers un tempérament*," and we may perhaps let the famous and faulty definition go for the present, since a paraphrase of it will describe the work of the group we are discussing. With them it is "*la nature vue à travers un musée*." To be sure, every artist must go to the museum to learn his trade; but the men with something to say get to the inner meaning of the great works, and the form in which they clothe their own ideas differs from that of the past. The reason why the Munich group, and others, had so much time to lavish on their brushwork was that they were content to accept merely the externals of the pictures in the museums.

But we must not underrate the importance of these men. The return of Duveneck, Chase, and the others of the generation was an event in our art-history. If they did not get to the deepest principles of the old masters or orient us in the great current of living art which centered in Paris, they did mean a big advance over what was generally seen here before their time. They were potent influences in directing the younger men toward the art-wealth of Europe, which must still be our source of strength. And the vigor, the enthusiasm that suffused the generation in the delight of its advance has not been equaled by many of their better equipped successors.

WALTER PACH.

Lafcadio Hearn: A Postscript

ONLY A FEW short years ago, one had to go about armed with a loaded theory concerning Lafcadio Hearn, as a protection against prowling literary buttonholers. Hearn was an issue. You were not permitted merely to accept him; you were expected either to defend him or to reject him. Meantime Hearn books came hurtling from the press in a sizzling stream, jostling and splintering one another as do logs in a jam. All that was necessary to qualify as a commentator was at some time to have evolved a theory about Hearn—or to have received a letter from him. The fact that the two seldom went together implied no real handicap. If one had the letter, it was always possible to evolve a theory to match; and if the theory, to discover a letter which would substantiate it.

So thick became the dust of discussion and disension that one fairly despaired of ever reading anything about this strange interpreter of the Japanese which did not carry a chip on its shoulder. Partly owing to Hearn's erratic personality, partly to his outspokenness, but most of all to his revealing and voluminous correspondence, he stepped from life into legend—with no twilight zone between. After his death, his own preoccupation with the spirit of beauty—the "Eternal Haunter"—became almost unanimously subordinated to a seething scramble to explain him. Around his early life, his weaknesses, his eccentricities, and his friendships the controversy raged, fanned by a dozen pens. It became—to use words which Hearn once applied to something quite different—"one continuous shrilling, keen as the steel speech of a saw." It neglected nothing, not even such momentous issues as whether Hearn used his pocket telescope much or little.

In the wake of all this turmoil and truculence it is with a sense of relief that one turns to the slender little outpouring from the heart of Hearn's Japanese widow, Setsuko Koizumi, who has something to say but nothing to prove in her *Reminiscences of Lafcadio Hearn* (Houghton Mifflin; \$1). And what makes her naive recital all the more ingratiating is its apparent unconcern with the stuff of the wrangle.

For what Nina Kennard, in her contribution (*Lafcadio Hearn*—Appleton; 1912), spoke of as "a certain amount of friction" with another biographer was by no means native to any one phase of the controversy. There appears to have been more than enough to go round. Dr. George M. Gould (in *Concerning Lafcadio Hearn*—Jacobs;

1908) did not hesitate to admit being instrumental in "getting Hearn a soul," thus drawing the fire of Elizabeth Bisland, who edited the bulk of the Hearn correspondence (*Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*, 1908, and *Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*, 1910—Houghton Mifflin). One recalls Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, berating the doctor (in *Lafcadio Hearn in Japan*—Kennerley; 1911) for making "such an awful exposure of himself through Hearn," and taking an incidental dig at Miss Bisland. And one recalls the clash of opinions over whether or not Hearn intended his letters for publication. Here Miss Bisland and Noguchi were bracketed in the negative, with the opposite opinion voiced by Gould and Milton Bronner. According to Bronner (in *Letters from the Raven*—Brentano; 1907) Hearn gave one batch of his returned love letters to his friend Henry Watkin "to do with the faded missives what he deemed best." Miss Bisland countered with:

Nothing could have been further from his intention. Publicity was abhorrent to him in all matters relating to his own personality. And had he dreamed that his letters might become famous, they would never have been written.

You will not find the key to the controversy in Mrs. Hearn's reminiscences. Instead you will find her relating little household incidents with touching simplicity, telling of short excursions together, of what happened at this inn or that temple, of how Hearn worked and how—in a somewhat puzzled, groping way—she mothered him and humored him. She does not attempt to challenge the Hearn myth; she is content to cherish the Hearn memory. Where Dr. Gould is laboriously intent upon demonstrating that Hearn really is but an "echo" in the world of letters, Mrs. Hearn is more concerned with other sounds—the household noises which might disturb his thoughts. She writes:

When I wished to enter his study, I chose the time when he was singing or hitting the bowl of his pipe against the *hibachi* (bronze bowl of lighted charcoal) to empty it. After we moved to Okubo, the house was much more spacious and the study was far from the front door and the children's room, so we made it a world of tranquility without a single noise. Even then he complained that I broke his train of thought by opening the bureau drawers, so I made every effort to open the drawers more quietly.

Where Miss Bisland seeks to explain the "shy, wild, beautiful spirit" of Hearn and to interpret his "restless, passionate, unhappy life," Mrs. Hearn is puzzled at his interest in cemeteries, patient with his carelessness, and properly firm in those little wifely

prerogatives which appear to be quite as inescapable in the Orient as they are in the Occident.

He cared very little about having his kimono well creased. He was not very fastidious. He cared for neither a swallow-tailed nor a Prince Albert coat.

He had one made at last, but he wore it only four or five times. Whenever he had to wear it he always made a fuss. He would put it on unwillingly, saying, "I simply wear this to please you. Whenever I go out, you always wish me to put on a new suit or a Prince Albert,—all of which I hate. This is no joke; I mean it." I knew that he did not like it, but I regretfully made him do so. He thought that it was my fault that he had to wear them.

As will be gleaned from this extract, the translation of these reminiscences retains a certain un-English flavor, which is not, however, out of harmony with the text. It represents the joint efforts of Paul Kiyoshi Hisada and Frederick Johnson.

One of the most delightful passages of the little volume is that in which Mrs. Hearn sets down a quaint summary of her husband's tastes and distastes. "Even my own little wife is somewhat mysterious still to me," Hearn confessed in one of

his letters. One wonders whether he could have succeeded any better than she, had he attempted to list her likes and dislikes in similar fashion:

I may name again some things that Hearn liked extremely: the west, sunsets, summer, the sea, swimming, banana trees, cryptomerias (the Japanese cedar), lonely cemeteries, insects, "Kwaidan" (ghostly tales), Urashima, and Horai (songs). The places he liked were: Martinique, Matsue, Miho-no-seki, Higasaki, and Yakizu. He was fond of beefsteak and plum-pudding, and enjoyed smoking. He disliked liars, abuse of the weak, Prince Albert coats, white shirts, the City of New York, and many other things. One of his pleasures was to wear the yukata in his study and listen quietly to the voice of the locust.

Perhaps I shall not succeed in concealing an ulterior motive in withdrawing unobtrusively at this point, resisting a temptation to linger upon that last note. As a sedative for the jumping nerves of controversy, one is grateful for Mrs. Hearn's reminiscences. The commentators might—not altogether without profit to themselves—have "listened quietly to the voice of the locust."

LISLE BELL.

Norman Duncan

NORMAN DUNCAN is perhaps not better described than in the words of his own Tobias Tumm, who claimed for himself the title of "skilful teller of tales," though not of such tales as he thought were wanted by the "gentlefolk to the s'uth'ard," who "must have love and be charmed with great deeds in its satisfaction"; he prided himself on his ability to entertain "the lowly of our coast, with the fore-castle bogie warm of a windy night or us all settled afore a kitchen fire in a cottage ashore." Perhaps it is only a quarrel in words, but Norman Duncan seems hardly a story-teller as we should understand the term now; possibly he might even convince us that we have ceased to understand the term. We are accustomed to speak a good deal of Dumas, of Stevenson, of Maupassant, in this connection; to Dumas and Stevenson, especially, we append the title of "born" story-teller; and the host of Maupassant's followers seems to fix as his the province of the short-story. But Norman Duncan can hardly be said to have had the narrative perennality of Dumas; and if he was as alert, he was not so agile and so (often) unnecessarily accomplished as Stevenson; moreover his stories, though they are not long, are quite unlike the short crafty bursts of Maupassant. The distinctive trait of *Harbor Tales* Down North and of *Battles Royal* Down North (Revell; \$1.35 each) seems rather to be a sort of intimate oral quality, which is both robust and refined, and which carries us almost back to Dickens.

The volume of *Harbor Tales* is ended by four stories told in the person of Tobias Tumm, clerk of the Quick as Wink—tales in which this quality, word-of-mouth intimacy, lives at its utmost. For instance:

"Tim Mull was fair dogged by the children of Tinkle Tickle in his bachelor days. There was that about 'un, somehow, in eyes or voice, t'win the love of kids, dogs and grandmothers. 'I likes t'have un t'come t'me. Why, damme, they uplift the soul of a bachelor man like me! I loves un.'

"'You'll be havin' a crew o' your own some day,' says Tom Blot, 'and you'll not be so fond o' the company.'

"'I'll ship all the Lord sends.'

"'Oh-ha b'y,' chuckles Tom, 'He've a wonderful store of little souls up aloft.'

"'Then,' says Tim, 'I'll thank un t' be lavish.'"

And throughout indeed Tobias Tumm's narrative has an excellent plain chimney-corner relish. In fact all of Norman Duncan's stories in the first person succeed especially in leaving the impression that they have been heard and not read. The history of *The Little Nipper o' Hide an' Seek Harbor*, Sammy Scull, whose father was hanged when Sammy was three years old, is in several respects one of Tobias Tumm's best efforts. And at the same time, though this may be by accident, it is of all the tales in the two volumes the most oral and simply heart to heart. The idea of little Sammy Scull's moral isolation is obviously open to meditative and psychological development, and as a matter of fact there is in the tale not only a fine

unexploited pathos but a suggestion here and there of something meditative. It is only a suggestion however, and taken in the large the tale is clearly fireside and anecdotal in its point of view.

The following—from *A Madonna of Tinkle Tickle*—is an example of Duncan's psychology:

"When Tim Mull came aboard, I was fair aghast. Never before had he looked so woe-begone. Red eyes peerin' out from two black caves, face all screwed with anxious thought. He made me think of a fish thief, somehow, with a constable comin' down the wind. He'd lost his ease and was full of sighs and starts. And there was no health in his voice. 'Sin on his soul,' thinks I, 'he dwells in black weather.'"

This is fairly representative; but if it is psychology it is of a relatively simple and scriptural sort.

And if he sank no very profound shafts into mental complexities, neither did he aim to impart a great fund of philosophy or of social induction, or to paint any very elaborate portraits of manners. And he did not attempt a great deal with natural panorama, especially if we consider the necessary prominence of such a matter in Newfoundland. The sea is there in Harbor Tales and Battles Royal; it is not poorly there. So is the ice; so is the timber; so is the vast wilderness which, since the days of Jack London, has furnished so long a loaf for the public appetite. But in these fields (in which, by the way, any qualities of intimacy which narrative might have are easily lost) one feels there is too competent competition. After all, we find Norman Duncan somewhat matter-of-fact on such points, evidently caring more particularly for the "warm and human little glimmers in the dark—the cottage lights ashore." It is really in a corner of the cottage kitchen, or on the fo'castle of a "banker," as with Synge it was over the tap room of an Irish hostelry, that we find our author at the key of his deserving.

"Small Sam Small—that's me—an' I stands by! I'm a damned mean man, an' I isn't unaware; but they isn't a man on the St. John's waterside can say to me, 'Do this this, ye bay-noddie!' or, 'Sign this, ye coast's whelp!' Still an' all, Tumm, I don't like myself very much, an' I isn't fond o' the company o' the soul my soul's become."

Rough cloth, but pretty stout and genuine. The Harbor Tales, in especial, lead one to believe that Norman Duncan had a sound intimacy with plain souls and a strong home feeling for essential human meanings. There is something satisfying, both spiced and substantial, like gingerbread, about Hard Harry Hull and Tommy Lark and Tim Mull and Tobias Tumm and Toot Toot Toby. For one thing, they are universally alive—lusty, open as daylight, somewhat quaint at the outset and growing quainter as they progress toward "ol' codgerdom." Perhaps it is with such quaint old fellows—they are not really old, though—that the word-of-mouth,

chimney-corner kind of narrative most comes into its own. Quaintness is not universally appreciated; its charm is not always readily conveyed. The quaint are often unregarded, because they are often confused with the dowdy. They are held to be old-fashioned, as indeed they usually are. But although they are not especially distinguished, they are rewarding; for under no circumstances can they be neutral, and under no circumstances are they vulgar. Distinctness is of their quality. And really in this warm and heart-to-heart way of setting them out, these stout fellows of the ice floes and sealing fleets are nothing if not distinct.

Yet in our emphasis upon Norman Duncan's simplicity and intimacy there should not be forgotten the sensitiveness and tact which inform and give temper to such qualities and underline his volumes as something rather more than books of "stories." It is his excellence of touch, I think, which has led to the claim for him that he was a writer of great emotional range. As a matter of fact the impression finally gained from these volumes is less that he possessed great emotional range than that he had great soundness within his range. His range was masculine, though it would be clearly absurd to hold that his appreciation of women was not delicate or just. The fact is obvious however that his women are a good deal absent from the scene and something of the secondary order of consideration when present. It is really only in two stories of the present two volumes that women may be said to be *there*. Peggy Lacey, it is true, is the primary and only consideration of *The Siren of Scalawag Run*; she is also a young woman the executed truth of whose character carries conviction. Yet, after all, one's net impression in this tale is that the whole thing is a rather chivalrous and masculine compliment to the sex. Again, in *A Madonna of Tinkle Tickle*, the reader is troubled somewhat to decide whether the story is most about Mary Mull and her Old Testament self-respect or about Tim Mull; there is no trouble however in deciding which of these two is the most done by. To cite Norman Duncan's women as examples of a power of imaginative projection is really, I think, unjust praise; they are rather to be held as good in virtue of their author's excellent perception. And of this and of his sensitive temperament there is continuous evidence. Read—or rather *hear* Tobias Tumm:

"Afore we had time or cause for complaint o' the botheration o' childish company, we was involved in a brisk passage o' talk, which was no trouble at all, but sped on an' engaged us without pause. There was that about the wee lad, too, as a man sometimes encounter, t' command our interest an' to compel our ears an' our tongues t' their labor."

This is to recognize some several strands of fineness in the "ol' codger's" warm and woolen colloquiality. Yet this tale spinning is really so well done that we are unsuspicious of any other presence in the chimney corner; only old Tobias Tumm seems to hold the skein, and it is apparently only plain Newf'un'land yarn after all.

But we grow curious presently—if we are alive to our author's qualities—and turning to the stories told in the third person we find a closer weave and less of the russet warmth of Tobias Tumm's

method; but we find still a fine word-of-mouth prose which becomes less colloquial only to become more literary, and always remains oral in its straightness. It is rather more succinct and syntactically terse than graceful; yet it is never angular, and it is continually refreshing the parched reader with a various good taste in idiom. Like good prose it does not exhibit its writer's total power of phrase; and the restraint that so trained its spirits down should do something to recommend it permanence.

C. K. TRUEBLOOD.

London, November 16

THE SHADOW OF PEACE is (as I write) almost as disturbing as once, how long ago! was that of impending war. I do not mean that I dread it or look forward to it with apprehension. I do mean that I and others are possessed by uncertainty—that it usurps the place of other and more definite thoughts, and that the business of life is hindered, or even suspended, until we know the event. I suppose most of my compatriots are in the same condition; but I will not pretend to the power of reading their thoughts. Perhaps a man who closely observed the crowds in the London streets when war was threatened and again now, and who was able to understand what he saw, would be able also to interpret in a brief page the soul of the English race. But this too is past my powers of impudence to pretend to. I can only set down what I have seen and leave the interpretation to others.

We are conscious now of the issues that have been at stake as, I am sure, we were not conscious four years ago. But though then we did not clearly understand what was happening—neither what we were fighting for nor the effort it would cost us—we were vaguely aware of something tremendous beyond the power of expression. But, then as now, we showed no signs of overmastering excitement. There was in the streets, in trains and busses and theatres—one could feel it—a faint nervous tension, a slight constant uneasiness which was so universal that it formed a sort of connecting thread between the most dissimilar and unlikely people; and along this thread there ran from time to time vague, weak shocks of active excitement as a rumor spread or, perhaps, as someone in the gathering saw with more than usual concreteness what this meant to him. I feel again today that slight tension—and no more. A few days ago a false but convincing rumor that the armistice had been signed went round and was gen-

erally believed. I was in the streets at the time and can testify that no one shouted, no one sang, no one waved a flag. The public houses were all closed and we were balked of our customary method of expressing pleasure. Mr. Kingsway, a newspaper seller, had chalked on the pavement: "Armistice Signed—Official," and a crowd had gathered round the announcement, staring at it silently. An old gentleman, behind whom I was walking, craned over the shoulders of the crowd, read the announcement, which apparently was news to him, and remarking to no one in particular, "Armistice signed. Humph!" walked on at the same gait as before. Of course it is always unsafe to argue from one particular to the general, and this remark, in this old gentleman, may have betokened to those who know him a high degree of excitement. His behavior seemed to me however to be typical. Whatever we may individually be feeling, we have ourselves in hand. I do not know why, but just as we did not burst into ferocious war-spirit when war was declared, so now we show no tendency to burst into jubilation at its close—though of course we may actually do so when the event is beyond question. And, as I read over again what I have written, I too seem to myself to be typical. I protest that I have written with calm and with all the precision of which I am normally capable, that in treating this immense subject I have used all my customary care in the placing of my adverbs—but I have written because a slight unease keeps the matter in my mind and forbids me to write on anything else until it is satisfied.

Meanwhile we are chiefly, I think, to occupy our thoughts concerning ourselves with vast fantastic plans for private and public reconstruction. These plans, so far as literature is concerned, are confined to the two words—more paper! Give us more

paper, say authors and editors and publishers alike, and we will take care of literature. Give us more paper and our share in the millennium will be carried out with our usual dispatch and adequacy. There is hardly any other trade or profession which is not crying out for some kind of assistance or protection or bounty. Literature alone modestly asks the liberty to propagate itself indefinitely. This seems to show that literature is in a strong position, secure in the appetites of the public, a thing indispensable, however empires may rise or fall or be changed. And perhaps it is so. Literature is one and indivisible. The author of the penny blood is my equal and my brother; and we are both, if we remember and can afford to pay our subscriptions, members of the Union of Ink-Slingers, a body well instructed on contracts and royalties.

We are at all events at one in one thing, in repudiating the assistance of the State. We see too clearly what State interference has done in the matter of painting, how a Royal Charter forever set the seal of futility on the Royal Academy and how endowment and control work in the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery. When recently the pictures of Degas were sold in Paris our authorities raised the magnificent sum of £3000 for the purchase of some specimens for London; and, it has been rumored, an envoy was dispatched with the instruction that he was to purchase no nudes and no ballet scenes. We wonder sometimes what would happen to literature if the State were to take a hand beyond its present distribution of knighthoods—which fall alike on the just and the unjust, but which are commonly refused by the former—and its distribution of Civil List pensions, which also fall on both but which are, on the contrary, accepted by both with the same avidity. It does occasionally happen that someone calls for an academy or something of the kind which will organize us and declare with authority how we are to name a man who drives an aeroplane; but he is instantly, I am glad to say, howled down. We are not authoritarians, the right of private judgment is in our blood; and, for myself, I own that though some time ago a strong committee of professors and such like solemnly consecrated the word "Suffragette" it still grates on my nerves like a nail on glass. We have, it is true, an "Academic Committee," oddly enough composed, but it preserves itself from obloquy by meeting in secret and not announcing its decisions. The French Academy is not a body which commands enormous reverence in its own country, but it does command some and the best authors do still care to be elected to it and do still announce the fact on the covers of their books. It does still

provide a sort of central steadying point for French literature and, if it does no more, it at least symbolizes that order and maintenance of a standard which is the peculiar glory of French criticism. But much as I should like to see a reformation of our criticism on those lines, I admit willingly that no Academy will ever take root in England. Our blood is against it. We have not the Latin taste for organization; and this is a fact which has been discovered not only by the advocates of Academies but also by the young persons who have striven to be Bohemian and disorderly and live the life of the Quartier Latin on strictly regulated lines. Why, if we were capable of such organization, we should in our new enthusiasm for poetry have elected a *Prince des Poètes*, an unofficial chief to whom we should all pay reverence; and indeed it would be very amusing if such an institution were introduced. The French method, I think, is to allow every poet a vote; and they have election campaigns and propaganda and canvassing, and the literary papers echo with the noise. The first holder of the post was Stéphane Mallarmé; the second, Leon Dierx (you will ask, and you may well ask, who the devil was he?); and now it is Paul Fort. I can imagine the whole business being immensely entertaining in England. My mind's eye discerns the rival poets on the stump, and I can hear engaging fragments of their speeches. But my mind's eye does not reveal to me the person who would be elected. My own vote, of course, would be cast for . . .

But what am I writing? I am seeking to distract my mind from the thoughts that perplex us all, from thoughts of Senlis (if the conference is really being held there—or perhaps it is Pontarmé) and of Spa, of revolutions in Berlin and republics in Bavaria. All I have written is a feverish making of conversation; but between the lines perhaps you can find a faithful picture of the English mind today. We are all thinking of after the war; and that will perhaps be tomorrow. But that tomorrow is so dim and formless that we cannot speak of it intelligently; we can only abandon ourselves to vague dreams. A distinguished leader of the Alliance said recently to a friend of mine: "La vie sera bien plate, quand il n'y a plus de guerre." But how splendid it will be to lead a dull life! How dull and heavy and solemn we shall all be and how we shall all enjoy it! My next letter will perhaps deal with the progress of English metaphysics in the twentieth century, or the economic aspects of Parliamentary Reform, or the novels of Jane Austen. Time will then be standing still and there will be time enough for everything.

EDWARD SHANKS.

THE DIAL

CLARENCE BRITTEN

GEORGE DONLIN

HAROLD STEARNS

In Charge of the Reconstruction Program:

JOHN DEWEY

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

HELEN MAROT

WHAT IS THE BEST CRITERION OF DEMOCRATIC government? In a political sense, surely it is the measure of control exercised by the people of a nation over that nation's foreign policy. Ultimately it comes down to that. Yet until the United States entered the present war we illustrated the truth of this thesis less sharply and less persuasively than any other country. The reason for that was comparatively simple: our Monroe Doctrine, our isolation tradition, and our lack of large colonial possessions and dependencies all combined to make our foreign policy of less immediate practical concern to the average citizen than was the case in crowded European countries, where a quarrel in a Vienna cafe might mean the plunging of several nations into military adventure. The possibilities for any large-scale war seemed remote from us, and it was difficult to arouse any interest in international affairs. Today, of course, the historical position of the United States is completely reversed. We do not need to ring the changes on the platitudes of interdependence in the modern world. We do not need to be told any longer that the decision of a few business men in Siberia may mean that the Kansas farmer boy will find a soldier's grave in Italy. We know that today we are living in that kind of a world. Consciousness of the actual situation is, on the whole, alert. But with our inveterate American optimism and habit of worshipping our governmental institutions blindly, we have almost completely ignored the fact that in this new world we are employing the same old technique of foreign policy which characterized us when we were a provincial, detached, and non-militaristic nation. We have no right to demand "open diplomacy" of other nations until we ourselves have shown that we have at least a kindergarten notion of what it implies. Public opinion needs to be aroused upon this more than upon almost any other point. Suppose that throughout the length and breadth of the land arose a spontaneous demand for a certain policy. If it were a domestic policy there would be some chance of its sooner or later being adopted. If it were a foreign policy how could that demand possibly be translated into action? And further, how is the generation of any clear-cut and spontaneous demand for a certain line of policy in foreign affairs ever possible when all the sources of information are kept secret? From official sources we know little

of the situation in Russia; we know less of the situation in China and Manchuria; we know even less about Mexico and South America. And where are we to find out? The Secretary of State cannot be questioned in open session of the Senate: he is responsible only to the President. Nominally only Congress has the legal right to declare war. Yet it is virtually a nominal right alone. The President can always jockey affairs so that Congress is practically forced to ratify whatever policy he proposes. At this moment our men are fighting in Russia with no declaration of war by either side. Tomorrow, it is urged, hundreds of thousands more ought to be by their side, although it occurs to nobody that a resolution to that effect needs to be placed before Congress. Treaties have to be ratified by the Senate. Yet here again it is virtually a nominal right alone. Gentlemen's agreements between foreign diplomats and our Secretary of State do not, seemingly, even have to be shown to Congress. Trading corporations can be formed and given assurances by the Government without a single Congressman's knowing anything about it unless he happens to be a member of one of the favored firms or a lobbyist for it. From what clear mandate of the people, for instance, does the War Trade Board derive its authority to say (in a news dispatch from Washington) that "as rapidly as the Army of Occupation advances and the Bolsheviks are driven back, an intensified campaign will be carried on to develop the railroad facilities and help the people to get on their feet"? From what legal expression of the will of the majority of our people do our Generals in German cities derive their right to recognize only certain authorities and to refuse to recognize others? Who of us will ever have a chance to vote on a single one of the peace conditions now being drawn up? What means have we for assuring ourselves that we shall even know what all those conditions are? In a word, our conduct of our foreign policy is in working fact, if not in form, as irresponsible as that of any autocracy or monarchy. In fact, if not in form, it is still being determined for us behind our backs, and without our knowledge or consent, by a small clique of persons. Measured, then, by the severe criterion of the conduct of foreign policy, the United States has still to go to school to learn democracy.

AN IMPORTANT BY-PRODUCT OF THE VICTORIOUS solution of the war will be the restoration of the Holy Land to the Jews. The spiritual reaction to that restoration may not be immediate, so far as Yiddish and Hebraic literature are concerned, but few can doubt that it will take place. Spiritual reactions of this nature are not quick to reveal themselves in enduring artistic forms. It is usual, of course, for a certain type of journalist to see in every war an immediate generator of great works of art. Similarly there is no little talk about a renaissance of Yiddish literature during this important period. That renaissance however is one of interest rather than of actual production. The past dozen years have witnessed the appearance of truly representative, and in some cases universal, work by Yiddish authors. Much of this work, and especially the best of it, has either languished in neglect or else has found favor with no more than a cultivated few—whenever the few could shake themselves free of the factionalism that is so rife on East Broadway, the Yiddish newspaper row. Sooner than the production of new masterpieces, one looks to an awakening of interest in those already at hand. Readers will find new meanings in poets like Raisin, Rosenfeld, and Bloomgarden ("Yehoash"); they will discover new beauties in dramatists like Pinski, Hirschbein, Ash, and Kobrin; they will perhaps sift the wheat from the chaff in their crop of new writers. These new writers, by the way, deserve consideration apart. They are as interesting a "new" group as any country can show today. They have all the egotism and idiosyncrasy that youth so easily mistakes for originality, but they have not a little of the substance too. Writers of tales like Opatovsky, Ignatov, and Raboi, for example, show that the Yiddish tradition still lives—if that may be called a tradition, which really originated little more than a half-century ago as far as the artistic use of language is concerned. Similarly the new poets—young men and women of broad outlook and high ideals, though they display a certain scorn for their predecessors which is by no means necessary and doubtless undeserved—are surely looking forward. Some would say that they had overleaped the boundaries of nationality: the same criticism was long ago brought against Pinski and Ash by a noted Russo-Yiddish critic. Is this however so strange in Jewish writers, who come from a nation upon which internationality has been forced? Others, indeed, would see in this very quality a virtue rather than a defect. Still others would find it easy to reconcile the apparent contradiction, saying that this war has taught that a certain type of nationalism is by no means inconsistent with internationalism. Even among the Jews there are readers who imagine that to be national a writer must always be talking about Palestine, the Holy Scroll, and other easy tokens of a combined feeling for religion and for political independence. After all, nationality in literature is

quite as subtle in its manifestations as in music, and in both these arts many of us are much deceived in detecting its presence. The future of Yiddish literature is bound up with more than one problem that other nations do not have to face. The very language is in the balance. In its short literary life it has had to struggle for very existence against Jews that despised it as a menial jargon. Not even the beauty of which masters like Ash, Hirschbein, Kobrin, and Pinski have shown it capable has reconciled them. The battle between the Hebrewists and the Yiddishists goes merrily on, and ink flows as freely in the columns as blood but lately did on the battlefields of Europe. Prophets of the death of Yiddish have been busy for many years. Their arguments are philologically sound, yet Yiddish does not die. Prophecies are futile, but it is hard to see a literary future for Yiddish. The new generations rush to universal culture, adopting the greater tongues. They are as little familiar, on the whole, with the great Yiddish writers as their elders are able to appreciate those writers. These are not precisely the conditions for a renaissance in national letters, yet so contradictory has been the entire development of Yiddish literature that the unexpected may happen. At any rate a deepened interest in the treasures already at hand will in itself be a renaissance of no little value.

AN UNCONFIRMED REPORT FROM TOKIO STATES that the Japanese Cabinet has decided upon the return of Kiaochow to China and that Japan's delegates to the Peace Conference have been instructed to support President Wilson's plan for a League of Nations, especially as regards reduction of armaments, and to couple this support with a plea for the abolition of racial discrimination. Whatever the facts, certainly there is nothing inherently unpalatable in the report. Thoughtful Japanese have been much impressed by the showing of the United States in the war: many are now convinced that general initiative and industrial vigor are the most important things in military preparedness, and that preparedness of the old type is out of date. Industrial and commercial strength have been shown to be more important than drilled battalions. But the direction such a friendly alliance between ourselves and Japan would most likely take is not precisely the democratic direction. Political or military control is irrelevant where commercial supremacy obtains. Already, according to reports from Vladivostok, our military commanders in Siberia are cooperating with the Japanese military commanders in perfect understanding, and this co-operation has also resulted in a unity of American and Japanese commercial policy respecting Siberia. It would be folly not to recognize what this commercial unity implies. It implies that we are perfectly willing to keep the East weak, if by so doing we can strike good bargains in concessions or

in guaranteed exchanges of valuable raw materials for our manufactured goods. It is the kind of game Japan has been playing in China for some years; seemingly it is the kind of game we are now going to cooperate with her in playing in Siberia. Surely we might have learned some other lesson from this war. Fundamentally the world war itself was the penalty Western nations inevitably paid for keeping the East weak. Instead of trying to abandon that policy we seem to be about to extend it. Formerly Africa, the Near East, China, and India constituted the arenas of friction, the stakes for which diplomacy played. Are we going now to extend the arenas of friction to include large sections of what used to be the great Russian Empire? If we do, then we are only preparing the way for another and greater war. Unless the exploitative motive is completely excised from this commercial policy towards the East we shall sooner or later fall to quarreling over the spoils. When greed is the dominant motive, alliances have a curious habit of becoming easily strained. The truth is we stand at the parting of the ways, and our present implied policy towards the East is only one part of a larger problem which is involved in the whole League of Nations idea. Is there enough good will in the world to change the attitude of strong nations towards the weak? We can, if we like, follow the traditional method of exploiting peoples weaker than ourselves. Or we can, if we have learned the lesson of this war, attempt to bring to weaker peoples a fuller measure of democratic life, attempt to help them to self-control and self-direction. If we follow the latter method, the war will have been really won. If we follow the first, and organize a league of *rentier* nations to control the exploitable and weak nations, sooner or later a new international war will develop. Sooner or later the West will again pay its bloody price for keeping the East weak.

WHEN THIS COPY OF THE DIAL REACHES ITS subscribers the results of the British election will be known. For that reason this quotation from a private letter of a marine stoker, a member of the Seaman's International Union of Great Britain, has special pertinence. It reflects the increasing skepticism of all form of parliamentarianism, particularly among the English workers:

It wouldn't be so unpleasant if the election had been handicapped for capable men, but it seems that our most able representatives either were neglected deliberately by an official caucus or they had no desire to become Parliamentarians. Henderson has improved but still I doubt him, and I wish he'd cut out the dramatic stuff at conferences. . . . The great and unforgivable fault with all our leaders is the statesman "bug." They are far more apt to do and say things which are "statesmanlike" than to undertake or utter things which are just common sense. They are all afflicted in this way, from Snowden and McDonald down to Thomas and Adamson. It is Parliament apparently which has this peculiar psychological effect upon its

members, and there is little to wonder at. The atmosphere of St. Stephens is redolent of unreality and one can float away in fancy to the sixteenth century without an effort. If I were a member of a Labor majority my first motion would be to transfer the meetings of Parliament to the nearest saloon. That would be a most beneficial revolution. To return to the chances of a Labor government in the near future, there is considerable optimism in some quarters but I don't share it. In a way, I hope Labor doesn't secure the reins of power. Such a happening, I know, would be hailed with glee by Lloyd George and his cronies, who could unburden themselves of the extremely delicate tasks which will follow the cessation of hostilities and the demobilization of the army, and with the aid of Northcliffe and Co. could manufacture endless trouble and so compromise the Labor Party as to make its continuance in office impossible. For my part, I am content to proceed with industrial organization. Strikes large and small are daily occurrences here but there is seldom a big principle involved. Bread and butter upheavals leave one cold.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE HUMOROUS MOVING picture is sadly underdeveloped. We have watched with growing concern the standardization of the main humorous event in the so-called comedy films—that is, the hitting of a man over the head. The technique of the wallop is susceptible of great variation: in the early days of moving pictures any soft and expansive substance, like a pumpkin pie or dissipated egg, was considered the proper implement of assault. Crockery, too, tickled our suppressed destructive impulses; to see a plaster of Paris statue of the Venus de Milo shatter into bits over some trained and disciplined head was a highly entertaining and gratifying spectacle. But the era of thrown bric-a-brac and of resounding whacks quickly passed. We have entered upon a new period, where the mallet and the hammer have usurped the place of the ancient weapons. Practically no comedy film today is complete without one or two cases of somebody's being hit over the head with a gigantic mallet, the victim thereupon fainting in a direct perpendicular line. This of course is a highly pleasing spectacle, and we should be the last to ask for its withdrawal on the ground that it injures the morals of youth. But we complain bitterly of the conventionalization of assault which has made our comedy films so rigid in structure and so impervious to the influence of new styles of humor. We ask of moving-picture producers that they devise some new styles of assault and battery, some new ways of injuring the human body. We realize that people cannot be drawn and quartered or burned at the stake in our films, for it is a condition of all comedy assault that the battered person be able at a moment's notice to resume complete possession of his limbs and his faculties. But it is a pity that the makers of our comedy films are not gifted with more flexible imaginations. Vicarious assault, which has delighted the human race since the stone age, will and must be upheld in its full dignity in our moving pictures, and it is indeed lamentable when the technique of its presentation gets into a rut.

Foreign Comment

LIBERAL BRITAIN AGAINST RUSSIAN INTERVENTION

Great Britain, who is more deeply involved than are we in military intervention in Russia, is not of a single mind on the subject. Liberal opinion unanimously opposes it. The Daily Chronicle in an article published December 18 says: "The situation in Russia is causing great anxiety in official circles." The article then goes on to point out that no reliable information is being obtained about Russia, that the censorship and irregularity of the cables and wireless service make it impossible to accept any news as authentic unless it is two months old.

The most reliable information puts the number [of the Bolshevik Red Army] at about 180,000 scattered all over the former Russian Empire. There is, however, a probability that an attempt will be made to increase this force with a view to the invasion of other parts of Europe in order to spread the principles of Bolshevism. It should be remembered that Poland is now in a very disturbed state and almost defenseless. There would, therefore, be little difficulty in the way of force of the Bolsheviks marching into Germany, in which country a large amount of propaganda work has been carried on during the past year. . . . Nor is it easy to say offhand what should be done to counteract this menace. The late elections have revealed in some parts of the country a considerable amount of sympathy with the Bolshevik Government in Russia, and it is certain that intervention by the Allies on a large scale would be hotly debated and criticized. It is fortunate that President Wilson is now in Europe so that this important matter can be discussed by all the Allies. It would be advantageous if some line of policy could be decided upon by other nations in common so that the problem could be jointly tackled.

In its issue of December 17 the Manchester Guardian takes an even firmer position. It states that Admiral Kolchak, who seized control of the Omsk Government, and Semenoff, the Cossack leader, were fighting "not for Russia and still less for the Allies, but for their own hands." It adds a warning:

Even now drafts of British troops, men who volunteered to fight the Germans and defend liberty, are being ordered out to Siberia to fight the battles of Kolchaks and Semenoffs. If the British Government does not stop this disgraceful adventure of its own accord it will find it will soon be stopped for it.

Even the Westminster Gazette, hitherto a supporter of intervention, is now anxious about England's commitments in Russia. It is afraid England may drift into a "series of costly, chronic and indecisive expeditions in various parts of Russia, or at best to permanent occupation, with large bodies of troops, of the various Russian provinces." It goes on to state that the Allies

have hitherto banked on the probability that the Bolshevik regime would be short-lived and another administration would come on the scene with which they could deal rationally and settle up the whole entanglement; but after fourteen months they must at least reckon with the possibility that Bolshevism will in some form be permanent in Russia and make up their minds what they are going to do if that proves to be the case.

KERENSKY DISILLUSIONED

Late last summer Kerensky applied to the British Government for a passport back to Russia. It was refused. The following extract from a personal letter written by him furnishes further explanation of this extraordinary refusal:

Having done all in my power to carry out my task here, and being further convinced by some rather significant symptoms that my further stay in the Allied countries would be useless, I therefore determined to return immediately to my own country, and at the end of August I applied to the British authorities to grant me facilities to do so, as without such help it was at present impossible to reach that part of Russia which is freed from the Bolsheviks and the Germans. However, after having exchanged a few letters with the Government, on September 10 I received a communication stating, among other things, that the British Government is unable to comply with my request, as it does not see its way to do for me anything it is not prepared to do for the representatives of other groups and parties, for the reason that the British Government does not consider it possible to deviate from their "declared determination not to interfere in the internal politics of Russia." It is rather a peculiar and exceedingly liberal way of interpreting the principle of non-interference in internal affairs which renders impossible the return to Russia of a man who only came to an Allied country with a special National Mission and is bound, as a member of the Constituent Assembly, to return to Ufa in order to participate in the work of the National Assembly created by the very coalition whose interests he came to defend.

This peculiar interpretation of the principle of non-interference has since been so vividly illustrated that Kerensky in a recent interview speaks with considerable bitterness of Allied policy towards Russia. He states:

England and France are seeking to impose another Brest-Litovsk upon Russia. I ask America, as paralyzed Russia's true friend, to protect her from exploitation by her former allies. Russia fought three years for the Allies. It was due to her that America had time to prepare and administer the knockout blow. Now the Allies ought to deal honestly with Russia. When the Russian people, despite the Brest-Litovsk treaty, were continuing their fight, they called upon the Allies for military aid. This help rapidly developed into an organized attempt to exploit Russia's wealth, and cut off Russia from Europe by a barrier of tiny quasi-independent states. Thus, they are completing the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which Germany began.

The peace conference ought to guarantee the integrity of Russian territory, as it was before Brest-Litovsk, affording the opportunity for a real solution of her problems. This could be brought about by the formation of a confederation like America, of all the Russian states. This is not an unrealizable dream. The Bolsheviks control about a fourth of Russia proper and a sixth of Siberia, on the basis of population. The balance is composed of independent states, which have thrown off the Bolsheviks' authority. I believe it is possible to call a general election for a constituent assembly, to include delegates from every part of Russia. England and France oppose this, because it would restore Russia to her former international position. They opposed my going to America in September, because they did not want America to know the truth about Russia.

The victorious Allies are forgetting their idealistic war aims. England and France already have agreed on the

division of their spheres of influence in disintegrated Russia. If three men are fighting a brigand and one of them is knocked out, the others, who continue to whip him, ought to help their comrade to his feet, instead of robbing his pockets.

I appeal to America to remember the good side of Russia's part in the war, as well as the unfortunate. Perhaps President Wilson's presence at the peace conference will prevent any brigandage.

Communications

POLITICAL PRISONERS IN AMERICA

SIR: Your editorial on amnesty to political prisoners in the November 30 issue of *THE DIAL* gives me hope that perhaps you will print a letter telling of the present status of conscientious objectors in the prisons of the United States. As a minister of the Gospel, believing in the hope of social progress through enlightenment by individual conscience, I have followed the history of conscientious objection with some care. I beg to submit the following facts which I think can be proved:

When the armistice was signed, conscientious objectors roughly fell into the following groups:

1. Those who had accepted non-combatant service in the army, perhaps 4,000 men in all.
2. Those who had accepted farm furlough or furloughs for work in the Friends' Reconstruction Unit, after their cases had been passed upon favorably by the Board of Inquiry of the War Department. These men numbered roughly some 1,000 or 1,200. They were under military control, but were furloughed from the army and did not wear uniform.
3. Men still held in camp pending hearing before the Board of Inquiry. A few of these men were in guardhouse awaiting ultimate trial by court-martial.
4. Men sentenced to military prisons.

Secretary Baker's demobilization order apparently provided for all but this last group, and so the numerous unsolved problems connected with the third group more or less disappear.

The fourth group, comprising conscientious objectors in prison, is at present mainly located at the Fort Leavenworth Disciplinary Barracks, where there are about 280 of these men. A few are at the Fort Jay Disciplinary Barracks on Governors Island, and there may be some others at Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay. According to the last report from Fort Leavenworth which has reached me, twenty-five of the conscientious objectors were in solitary confinement in dark cells in the cellar, sleeping on the cement floor between foul blankets, forbidden to read, write, or talk, fed on bread and water, manacled nine hours a day to the bars of the cell, and in some cases beaten or otherwise tortured by the guards.

This is the form of punishment for all recalcitrant

prisoners, whether they are conscientious objectors or not. Originally three Russian sectarians and one orthodox Jew refused to work under military discipline, because it violated their religious convictions. The torture inflicted upon them provoked a sympathetic refusal to work on the part of other conscientious objectors who believed: (1) that this system of prison punishment should be changed, and (2) that the consciences of their comrades should not be coerced.

Contrary to general belief, the men in Fort Leavenworth are not morally different from the other conscientious objectors who are now to go free. If anything, as many competent observers have testified, they are of higher quality. They include Russian sectarians, Mennonites, Socialist workmen, college students and graduates, social workers, a professor in philosophy, and a winner of a Carnegie Hero Medal. The majority of them are in prison because hasty court-martials tried and sentenced them to ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years before they even saw the Board of Inquiry. Some of these sentences are still under review by the War Department, but the men have been in prison for months. Other men are in prison because, although they were adjudged sincere by the Board of Inquiry, no farm furloughs were forthcoming and after nearly three months' segregation at Fort Riley, where efforts were made to compel them to take some form of non-combatant service, they still refused. Upon this refusal they were court-martialed, although luckier comrades who held exactly the same point of view had been sent to work on various farms. A very few men are extreme absolutists who felt that even to accept the farm furlough offered them by the Board of Inquiry was to acknowledge the right of the State to conscript them for military service.

Another small group is composed of men adjudged insincere by the Board of Inquiry and ordered to accept either combatant or non-combatant service. This last group is particularly interesting, because in spite of brutal treatment in guardhouse at Fort Riley and Camp Funston, and the threat of court-martial, they have steadfastly refused to accept non-combatant service. This simple fact would seem to refute the charge that these men are insincere.

The immediate need of the situation is that people should urge the Government:

1. At once to reform the brutalities of its treatment to all prisoners, irrespective of whether they are conscientious objectors or not;
2. To recognize that there is a distinction between acts committed in selfish crime, and those which were urged by conscience. In many European countries political prisoners are not treated as criminals. They ought not to be so treated here.

In the end, there can be no righteous solution of this thing short of pardon. The inequalities of

the treatment of conscientious objectors for what is at bottom the same offense is in itself a scandal. For instance, two men whose course of action was identically the same received—the one five years, the other twenty-five. A third man was first condemned to death and then the sentence was set aside, and ultimately he was granted a farm furlough. These arbitrary acts are the natural effects of the attempt to penalize men for loyalty to conscience. I believe that every one of the men now in prison would be useful in civil life. Every one has proved his courage and steadfastness by facing imprisonment, if not torture. Is it not now time for the Government to grant a just, generous, and general pardon?

JOHN NEVIN SAYRE.

Suffern, N. Y.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Evidently the order authorized by Secretary Baker in a public statement of December 6 in no way changes the status of the men described in Mr. Sayre's letter. It merely abolishes the former practice of handcuffing recalcitrant prisoners to the bars of their cells. This of course is a gain, but it is an inadequate step which cannot possibly satisfy liberals in their demand that men in jail for what Secretary Baker in his own statement describes as "political" offenses be at once released. Merely to abolish medieval brutality is not to perform justice. What liberals must insist upon demanding is immediate release of all political prisoners.]

BORROWING TROUBLE FOR THE LEAGUE

SIRS: The first duty of internationalists at the present time is to maintain a united front toward the opposition. The principle of the single front has been fully justified in the war, not alone in the conduct of the campaign but also in the maintenance of civilian morale. We have need of all the support which can be mustered behind the slogan, "Above all nations is humanity." But if we are honest men and earnest in our convictions we should have no fear of, rather we should welcome, the freest discussion of our proposals. There is no part of the program of a League of Nations which is more than a tentative suggestion at this stage. That must be admitted. And if we have a genuine faith in the principle which underlies the whole movement, an open debate over particular phases of the scheme ought to fortify, not weaken, our position.

Mr. Ordway Tead, in treating of *The Economic Guarantees of Peace* in *THE DIAL* of November 2, has with his usual lucidity stated some of the most important functions which an international government may be constituted to discharge. But he has not stopped with the statement of what those functions are. He has proceeded to declare in quite didactic language how they must be performed. Granted that it is expedient that the five subjects

which he mentions should be committed to the charge of an international government, it by no means follows that in discharging its responsibilities it is necessary or even wise that that government should act along the lines announced by Mr. Tead. I would therefore, not disputing that these several functions should be entrusted to the new international government, call attention to the entirely unnecessary burdens which Mr. Tead loads upon our backs in advocating the adoption of certain policies for the exercise of those functions. This is borrowing trouble from the future. We have enough difficulties to overcome right now in securing the creation of an international authority adequate to deal with these all-important economic problems.

But it is not alone the danger from the multiplication of fronts which I fear. The policy advocated is the wrong policy. The writer assumes that there are but two alternative methods of dealing with the economic and financial relations among men on the world scale: the devil's policy of *laissez faire* which has hitherto ruled, or rather failed to rule, in these matters, and his policy of rigid "control," which means an arbitrary fixation of terms. But that these polar extremes do not exhaust all the possible policies should be manifest by reference to our domestic experience of recent years.

Between the policy of leaving every man to his own devices and the policy of absolute control by superior authority there is the policy of the regulation of the conditions of competition. In 1912 no one was so bold as to stand for the first policy; Mr. Roosevelt sponsored the second policy; while Mr. Wilson advocated the third. The second policy is tantamount to government partnership in business. It fosters privilege and monopoly. It condones and even connives at the concentration of the financial power, the directing power of industry, in a few hands. Such is bound to be the practical import of this policy, not only because it is a fundamental postulate of the program that close manipulation is economical, but also because the concentration of power greatly facilitates the execution of its own powers.

Happily the American people flatly repudiated Mr. Roosevelt and his policy in the election. In choosing the leadership of Woodrow Wilson they endorsed the policy of the regulation of competition. The implications of that choice have not always been clearly envisaged. While this is not the place for an exhaustive discussion of the merits and demerits of the policy, attention may well be called to one or two of its distinctive features. In the first place it means that, outside of the limited range of public service industries, the government will not undertake in the normal course of affairs to determine trade policies, dictate the conditions of employment, or fix prices, except in so far as the establishment of minimum limits and fair standards in these matters may be necessary to the preservation of free

competition. On the other hand the government assumes the tasks of a vigilant policeman in preventing the growth and fructification of private privileges and in extirpating all kinds of predatory practices. In short, primarily it does not regulate business; it regulates competition, it polices the field of business.

In the second place, the government does not take upon itself the direct responsibility for the proper functioning of the whole mechanism of industry and market distribution. No doubt the admission of this fact will be hailed with glee by the type of thinkers represented by Mr. Tead. But is it after all desirable that we should link up government with industry? Will not the consolidation of political power and business power under the forms of law and custom now prevailing constitute a menace to the improvement of the economic position of the industrial disfranchised? Have we any assurance that the welfare of the people rather than the protection of property shall be the chief concern of those entrusted with power? What types of mind predominate in the political councils of even the republics of the world? Are the prospects for the peaceful development of industrial democracy enhanced by the participation of government in the determination of the details of the daily give and take of the economic life of a nation? Are the prospects for the growth of international good-will enhanced by the participation of the international government in the determination of national shares and allotments in their economic intercourse? If governments participate in these affairs or control them they cannot avoid being partisan, or at least—and this is more important—they cannot avoid the appearance of being partisan; that is, of showing favoritism. In the one case this must tend toward bitterness and despair—toward violent revolution. In the other it must tend toward national grievances, food for imperialism, and war.

MYRON W. WATKINS.

Columbia, Missouri.

AN OPEN LETTER

November 1, 1918.

Mr. H. A. Miller, Director
Democratic Mid-European Union
Hotel Plaza, New York City

MY DEAR MR. MILLER: Replying to your request to give my view of the fundamental principles on which the successful state of the future must be founded, I beg first that you would look around and see why the military strength of the Central Powers is so rapidly crumbling on all sides. It does not take much insight to realize that this sudden and widespread collapse is due primarily to the lack of economic strength, or, in other words, the lack of ability on the part of the industrial and business system to supply the armies with the means to fight

with. This is further emphasized by the fact that the army of Germany, which has the best economic support, is admitted by officers returning from France to be still unbeaten. Military strength therefore is based absolutely on the economic strength.

The collapse of Russia after the Revolution was an illustration of the fact that political power unsupported by economic power is also futile.

From the above illustrations it is clear that in the organization of a state we must first organize in such a manner as to produce the greatest possible economic power. If there has been in recent years doubt as to the relative economic effectiveness of competition and cooperation in the production of economic power, the war should by this time have removed all possible doubts on that subject. This is illustrated by the following facts:

Germany before the war developed the greatest economic system in the world, because an autocratic military power forced business to be in *some slight degree cooperative*, and to recognize in *some slight degree its social responsibility*.

In England, France, and the United States it was found on the breaking out of the war that a purely competitive business system was absolutely incapable of giving us the economic strength needed to fight, and we attempted to establish the cooperative principle in our production and business systems as rapidly as possible. The fact that we did it in a crude way and with many blunders does not indicate that we have not yet found the proper basis for an efficient cooperative industrialism.

Without any shadow of doubt, then, we can accept the fact that the successful economic state of the future must be based on *cooperation*. If then we determine the principles on which cooperation can be firmly established, we shall have determined the principles on which the economic state must be based.

Cooperation is only possible when there is mutual confidence, which means that we can have no cooperation in business as long as secret agreements exist. The fundamental principle of cooperation, then, is—no secret agreements of any kind.

We have recognized this as a political principle—no secret political treaties, the publication of all campaign expenses, and so on. As a business principle we have recognized it in the abolition of rebates in railroad freight charges, and in the governmental fixing of prices.

If this principle is firmly established and universally acknowledged, almost all of the other principles of cooperation become secondary—the two most important of which are abolition of special privilege, and of reward out of proportion to service rendered.

My message, then, may be summed up in few words. Your economic system must eliminate not only secret diplomatic agreements but, what is more important, secret business agreements.

New York City.

H. L. GANTT.

Notes on New Books

LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH: A Pageant of Cliff and Moorland. By John Presland. Dodd, Mead; \$2.50.

There is a type of literature—chiefly in the domain of travel and biography, including the never-ceasing deluge of *Reminiscences* and *Memoirs*—whose sole purpose and function seems to be the delectation of the leisure-class mind. A kind of doling out of curious knowledge, anecdotes, literary fragments of all sorts, in a silver spoon. The present volume belongs to that species. John Presland, with the help of a sympathetic illustrator, introduces us, with a naive urbanity, to a section of England—Devonshire. He sketches for us the antique history of this province, mentions the inevitable classic authorities for this fact and that assumption, dilates on the various natural beauties of the scenery, touches now on old history and famous men, and again on economic and social facts. . . . One may be charmed at such historico-geographical dexterity: in certain moods one may even find such a book as this absolutely necessary as a relief from the tension of more important and significant things. Nevertheless, even in such moods, those of us who feel the driving force of contemporary events compelling our individual attention every moment must feel a very perceptible exasperation in the—doubtless quite unintentional—impudence of an author who tries to take the place of a moving-picture travelogue or a lecture illustrated by stereopticon slides. Not to seem unjustifiably harsh in this instance, Lynton and Lynmouth can be recommended in all good faith as an excellent account—barring all real literary merit—of a portion of merrie England which will never fail to excite the interest of travelers and the curiosity of antiquarians. And possibly that is all the author intended: in which event it is the reader's own fault if he falls foul of this book.

THE CALL OF THE OFFSHORE WIND. By Ralph D. Paine. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50.

There is a very brisk and engaging quality about Mr. Paine's modern story of the sea. The romance of the sailing ship has by no means disappeared; and he gets the full flavor out of even a gigantic schooner like the *Elizabeth Wetherell* in its career that is no less prosaic than that of carrying vast hordes of coal from Norfolk to Portland. But that voyage, the first upon which the young Dudley Fenwick ships as mate, provides a rattling storm and a rattling adventure, in which the sorely struggling vessel is abandoned and recaptured by Fenwick and his men. Then follows the inevitable intrigue by which the smart Yankee owner tries to deprive the young mate of his salvage money. Fenwick holds his own however and after a long career in the doughty *Elizabeth* returns home to find his father's ruined

shipyard "building them again" in the dazzling prosperity of the war demand. Ships are paying for themselves on the first voyage; and Dudley, as skipper, can have a thousand dollars a month who started in the *Elizabeth* under a captain who got forty. But he prefers to marry the girl of his choice and settle down in the revived Spring Haven to direct the noble old trade of his father, the building of splendid sailing ships. There are other adventures—particularly a capitally told story of a mutiny, and the marooning of the culprits off the Cuban coast. But there is quite as much of the story devoted to the business intrigue behind the ships as there is to the tang of the sea and the excitement of the ships themselves. Mr. Paine implies, quite correctly perhaps, that to the modern reader the complicated conflict of strong men over business advantage is as much a matter of romantic adventure as the contact with wind and weather itself.

TALES FROM A DUGOUT. By Arthur Guy Empey. Century; \$1.50.

The law of diminishing returns—psychological as well as economic—already has begun to undermine interest in war books dealing with life on the fighting front, particularly those which are no more than an external setting forth of incident. It is uphill business—this attempt to inject the fever of the trenches into the rapidly cooling veins of a public whose energies have been turned from problems of devastation to problems of rehabilitation. Doubtless that is why one is unable to react very emphatically to these hastily thrown together sketches. Nor is one's interest edged one whit by Empey's dedication of his new book to "the overaged, the women, the physically unfit and the children. These are the ones to be pitied, the ones who suffer most, because their hearts are on the battlefields of France, although their bodies must stay at home." Such hyperbole of war hysteria fails to carry conviction. The sketches which comprise the volume are the narrations of the various members of a gun crew, who while away the tedious hours by recounting adventures. They form a series of "close-ups" of trench warfare, told in the vernacular. Uncouth and ephemeral though these pages are, they nevertheless reveal a certain rough vigor in lieu of literary quality. They will be read with pleasure by those who enjoy war-fiction movies.

WALKING SHADOWS. By Alfred Noyes. Stokes; \$1.50.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, having apparently reached the place he wished to achieve in verse, now starts to compete in a surprisingly new field. He aims, in these "sea tales," at nothing less than the role of a refined Oliver Optic or Horatio Alger of the Great War. His first prattling steps in the short story show conclusively his determination to make a name

for himself in that style of literature known as the small-boy thriller. And it is the submarine today that provides the horrid clue. Mr. Noyes has dished up, in these eleven stories, almost all the familiar figures—the commander who lands at lighthouses and murders the keeper; the man who has married a pure girl on a California ranch, and turns out to be a Hun who has escaped from a German submarine with all the treasure and left his comrades to drown; the German agent in South America who gets tangled in his own code as he tries to get back to Germany; the submarine base on a Maine island, with a professor—yes, even a professor—sitting forlornly on the rocks. Most of the favorite spies and plots and deviltries are here, and the Hunnish plotters, appropriately, usually meet some such terrible end as they have been plotting for their enemies. Mr. Noyes even believes, among other things, that any English writer who criticized English civilization before the war was put up to it in some insidious way by a Hun agent. In such a belief, of course, the faithful satisfaction of Mr. Noyes during those truculent days of Hun-paid Shaws and Wellses would shine all the brighter. The average writer of the small-boy thriller does not, perhaps, believe all he describes. In this case however, both author and publisher take the work with the utmost seriousness, not realizing how much better it can be done by the serialists of McClure's Magazine with their so much richer and racier command of the "movie" technique. *Walking Shadows* is not even redeemed by its style, which is as childish as its matter. In this new chosen field of his Mr. Noyes enjoys the distinction of having written one of the silliest of all the books produced by the war.

HAWTHORNE: How to Know Him. By George Edward Woodberry. Bobbs-Merrill; \$1.50.

Mr. Woodberry's method of making us know Hawthorne is to comment on the copious quotations which he presents—quotations which are happily selected to reveal both the weaknesses and the strength of that somewhat mysterious genius. The frontispiece shows us a very stiff Hawthorne, dressed in his best, almost fashionable clothes, with his high hat on a table by his side. And this stiffness rather sets the mood of his latest critic's work. Mr. Woodberry plays somewhat gingerly around his subject—Hawthorne is not entirely congenial to his own temperament, and gets his praise in the end for qualities that set him dubiously outside the list of great writers.

He was, in fact, a contemporary of all his books, and wrote them, so to speak, from his own generation. He did not transcend his own time by any gift of education, sympathy or travel. . . . It follows from this that he was substantially a man of his parish, one might say an antiquary of his parish. . . . Hawthorne's genius, however idiosyncratic it may appear, will never be dissociated from his community; the two are revealed together.

. . . Only by the light of that genius could the Puritan community have been visibly set forth, and again only that community could have been the proper medium to display his genius.

Hawthorne is gently set back in his place as one of our best provincial writers. Mr. Woodberry hints at the structural weakness of his work, and finds his "artistic method of philosophizing . . . seldom, if ever, quite equal to the task. The result is a continual failure of the art to express the thought; the art falls silent; the thought ceases to appear." But he admires the "wonderful purity of tone" in his style, and saves for him that "poetic illusion" which "gives him his charm, as his moral quality gives him his substance." Mr. Woodberry's faint admirations combine with the old-fashioned quality of the extracts he makes from Hawthorne's works to mark the slow fading of a literary reputation that was once as high as the greatest.

THE ADVANCE IN ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By William Lyon Phelps. Dodd, Mead; \$1.50.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY THEATRE. By William Lyon Phelps. Macmillan; \$1.25.

Last year William Lyon Phelps was writing a series of critical essays on contemporary English poets for *The Bookman*. This year he has assembled these papers, and with much addition and revision has published them in a volume with a title more ambitious than anything the book contains. Professor Phelps writes as though he were lecturing to a group of freshmen to whom he was more anxious to prove his humanity and humor than the creative power of criticism. He seems always more fearful of tiring his audience than of failing to edify it. Aside from a few good jokes, his best passages are the quoted ones.

If anything, the author's taste is too catholic. He devotes almost equal attention to poets of such varying accomplishment as Amy Lowell, Alfred Noyes, and Robert Frost. He gives less space to any of these than to William Watson and Wilfred Wilson Gibson. His high praise of Yeats and Masfield loses by such declarations as these: "Mr. Service is undoubtedly a real poet." "William Watson really has the divine gift and is one of the most deservedly eminent among living poets." There is a curious lack of discrimination in a man who devotes two praiseful paragraphs to Ella Wheeler Wilcox and does not name Ezra Pound, even to damn him. Sometimes, too, the professor distorts the facts—as when he mentions Stephens' paraphrase of O'Rahilly's *Righteous Anger* in terms that would lead one to believe the poem original with its translator.

Is there nothing in this fat professorial volume save sins of commission and omission? Well, there is a good estimate of John Masfield, a solid appreciation of Vachel Lindsay. There are certainly

enough debatable axioms laid down to furnish arguments for several interesting evenings. There are some excellent poems quoted, and the book will always be a handy reference for biographical facts and preferred pronunciations.

The Twentieth Century Theatre is a more hybrid and less engaging bit of work. Here he approaches his subject with the lantern of Diogenes in one hand and a pair of rose-colored glasses in the other. To the last page, Professor Phelps seems undecided as to whether he is writing for an audience of scholars, for a group of indifferent pupils, or for the worthy members of the Drama League. He makes discoveries which would alarm one group and be stale for another, following them up with quotations that would bore the first and be full of meat for the second. Toward both poetry and drama the author's critical faculty has the quality of candle-light in a gusty gallery. Sometimes it flares upon a picture of real beauty, but seldom does it throw a full light, and it is likely to go out at the breath of a sentimental wind.

THE SUBMARINE IN WAR AND PEACE. By Simon Lake. Lippincott; \$3.

Important inventions of Simon Lake, and adaptations of them, are embodied in the submarine vessels of modern warfare. His Argonaut, built more than twenty years ago, was the first submarine successfully operated in the open sea. So he speaks with the voice of authority of the mechanical principles of submarines, of operation problems that have been met and partly overcome, and of the history of submarine development. In the rehabilitation of the world, its industry and commerce, Mr. Lake prophesies that the submarine will play a constructive part. He points to the feasibility of employing submarines in recovering cargoes from sunken ships, in navigating under ice fields in the interests of science and commerce, in performing important hydrographic work, in investigating the flora and fauna of the sea, in harvesting tons of shell-fish from the ocean's floor. Yet the submarine's greatest service to mankind, as Mr. Lake sees it, will come through the eventual elimination of naval warfare:

Sooner or later a reliable engine will be developed which will meet the needs of military submarines and which will deliver power sufficient to give the submarine battleship speed. This is at present the only limitation upon submarine development, and it is not an insuperable obstacle. . . . It is my firm conviction that it is the destiny of the submarine to put an end forever to the possibility of warfare upon the high seas, and to eliminate warfare between nations which have no access to each other except by sea.

These words are as in echo to John P. Holland's assertion of submarine invincibility: "There is nothing you can send against it, not even itself." And yet the war has shown that submarines are not at present able to cope with the more heavily armed and speedier torpedo boat destroyers, which must

have battleship protection. Mr. Lake's volume reflects—and here, perhaps, is where the imagination and the enthusiasm of the inventor creeps in—a faith in the future war-time supremacy of the submarine which must appear at once excessive to naval architects and ironical to supporters of disarmament.

NEUROPSYCHIATRY AND THE WAR. National Committee for Mental Hygiene; distributed free.

One of the most progressive steps undertaken by the Medical Staff of the United States Army has been the creation of a Department of Neuropsychiatry. Special problems for the neurologist and the psychiatrist arise in such profusion in modern warfare that they speedily tend to overtax the limited number of men who specialize in these branches, even if they have been mobilized in advance. They have to deal not only with the specific cases of shell shock of which we have perhaps heard too much, but with all those abnormal strains of war which seek out the weak spots in the central nervous system or create a favorable environment for the hereditary insanities. Our Sanitary Corps is seeking to avoid the conditions in most of the continental armies, where doctors were continually overwhelmed with these baffling cases, while at the same time it is bending every effort towards preventing men with unfavorable predispositions from coming under active fighting conditions in the first place. The elaborate intelligence test now being administered to everyone entering the army and the questionnaire of the Personnel Office are steps in the right direction.

There could hardly be a better illustration of the growing importance of the Department of Neuropsychiatry than a volume such as this, which comes as a free gift from the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. Here we have an attempt to supply the psychiatrists and neurologists in the Army with the latest information about the very special problems in their respective fields. Miss Brown and Dr. F. E. Williams have done the work in a very thorough manner, making abstracts of no less than three hundred articles from the medical literature of the leading belligerent countries, including the United States and Canada. The book as it stands is the first inclusive compilation of material upon shell shock, which alone makes it of great value. The consensus of opinion about shell shock should be of interest to the general reader. It is essentially a temporary condition, with its intensity largely dependent upon the predisposition of the patient. Accordingly the psychological treatment is most successful where the patient has previously been inclined to functional nervous disturbances, while in other cases a regime of rest and sedatives may bring about the same result. The problem of shell shock has been exploited to such a degree in popular discussions that it tends to act as a suggestion upon

DO you prefer a Real League of Nations to a Second Holy Alliance?

Do you actually stand for justice to all nations, whatever their size or their past alignments?

How should Poland obtain a trade route to the Sea? What of Trieste?

Do you actually stand for equal access to Central Africa and Mesopotamia?

An American Statesman said recently: "Nations have no security but their own strength." Do you want to lie down before that? What about Belgium? Servia? What was the war fought for?

WHAT treaties shall we sign?

Over such questions, which might make or break a League of Nations at the Peace Conference or after, a volunteer group of about fifty experts and publicists have been working and studying for the last six months in New York. The product of their discussions is the Statement of Principles* that was published in THE DIAL of November 30 in the name of their newly formed organization, the League of Free Nations Association. Liberal opinion in America has rallied rapidly to their conclusions—that the League of Nations must be democratic; it must have its Parliament; it must be open to all free nations; it must be organized now; it must have administrative machinery, and it must include a Bill of Rights for nations giving to all equal access to the sea, to raw materials, to new countries or colonies, to rivers, railways and canals.

This bold conception must find its friends almost instantly, for a few short weeks will see the official decisions at Versailles. We want members, meetings, money.

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*Copy mailed on request.

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the military novice. It is also of interest to note that the prevalence of malingering tended to be greatly exaggerated in the first two years of the war. It is now pretty well agreed that any serious attempt to malingering is in itself the sign of a psychopathic condition. The normal adult is too critical of intellectual processes to try to go back to the tricks of his school days. Neuropsychiatry and the War is bound to be welcomed in army medical circles if only on account of its convenient condensation; the average army doctor is kept far too busy to have much time left for any extensive reading. Supplements to the volume, of which the first has just appeared, will keep its material up to date.

THE KINGDOM OF THE CHILD. By Alice M. H. Heniger. Dutton; \$1.50.

Mrs. Heniger has done more than anyone to develop the "Children's Theater" and persuade teachers and parents of the importance of giving young children an opportunity to express themselves in drama. In this fresh and persuasive little book she works out at some length the educational theory that is behind her enterprise. Child life, she shows, is intensely and universally dramatic. Make-believe is the world children live in. But this pretense cannot be confined to the imagination. It needs definite expression, definite dramatization. Children can use almost any symbols, but there must be symbols. That is why the acting out of stories appeals to practically all children, dull and bright. Mrs. Heniger shows suggestively that much juvenile crime is nothing more than inappropriate dramatization—acting, in other words—done in places or with symbolic tools that adults find inconvenient. If dirt is merely matter in the wrong place, then juvenile offenses are usually merely drama in the wrong place. The problem of home and school becomes, then, how to use this dramatic instinct of the child so as to turn it towards interests and activities that will be important and useful for later life. The kindergarten, built up on a theory of metaphysics rather than of dramatics, has failed on the whole to supply the educational need it pretended. The schools are learning that much more vivid impersonation is required really to awaken the children's imaginations. Few are the schools nowadays that do not approach the rudiments through the pathway of play: stories are acted before they are read, and even arithmetic proves susceptible to the dramatic instinct. In this book Mrs. Heniger says little that is new, but what she says is too important not to bear repetition.

THE LAUGHING GIRL. By Robert W. Chambers. Appleton; \$1.50.

In his newest novel—newest at least for the moment—Mr. Chambers gives a clever imitation of the novelization of a musical comedy plot written

by a college senior whose specialties are Anthony Hope and Richard Harding Davis. This may not be intentional. There is always the theory that Mr. Chambers is widely and determinedly cultural in his presentation of people whose beauty is surpassed only by the number of gifts and graces they have developed, in the hope that the great American public may profit by the examples of these supermen. But whether the prolific creator of glorious beings means to be absurd or helpful, or both in a tangled sort of way, his latest volume is such a mixture of melodramatic burlesque and silly intrigue as to be a disappointment to his most devoted worshippers. An incredible nightmare of a story this is, with a rendezvous of some of the crowned heads of southern Europe in a Swiss chalet, where duchesses serve as maids and fall in love with cultured Americans. It is evidently satiric in intention, and it becomes cloyingly sentimental and heavily parodic by turns in result. But the American public continues to indulge itself in these stirabouts of grotesque shadows of things—the direct descendants of the Bertha M. Clay style of literature.

FREE AND OTHER STORIES. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni & Liveright; \$1.50.

Mr. Theodore Dreiser may always be depended upon to show his readers what an essentially commonplace and fatuous thing life is. His novels—from the really exceptional *Sister Carrie* to that ponderous commentary on Weininger's *Sex and Character*, *The "Genius"*—abound in situation and auctorial asides on the extreme, irremediable banality of man in conflict with himself, his fellows, and with the universe. This attitude, which is the logical conclusion of the realist (or perhaps one should say the naturalist) philosophy in literature, sits upon Mr. Dreiser's bowed shoulders like the mantle of a prophet; and this prophet delights to utter his mournful, harpy-like lamentations at the impoverished banquet of existence in a tone whose skepticism is a little too like self-impotence always to convince. In the present volume he deserts the novel for the short story, but he still wears the mantle and executes the familiar gestures of realism. These eleven tales are not only so many Zolaesque slices of life of the most drab content, but in structure and style they are deplorably inadequate. Quite aside from the author's frequent perversions of good English—especially his irritating habit of splitting infinitives—the development of practically every story in this book obeys the prescriptions not of art but of journalism. A police-court reporter with a modicum of culture and literary aspirations could do no worse. And even Mr. Dreiser, whose claims to literary ability have received the confirmation of more than one genuine achievement, could scarcely do worse.

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the trivial he has taken up the position of supposing that the mere "presentation" of the insignificant is enough to render a story "vital." Accordingly he insists upon eliminating from his situations and characters every hint of those incalculable factors which lend dramatic power to the lives of even the sorriest peasant and charwoman. It is not, be it understood, that Mr. Dreiser lacks feeling for real character and psychology—Jennie Gerhardt proves the contrary—it is just that in these rather colorless tales he has failed in responsibility to himself and to his artistic ideals. With the exception of *The Lost Phoebe*, a really charming study in the pathos (and pathology) of old age, and in the sketch of a village Bovary, *The Second Choice*, the sensitive reader would find it difficult to distinguish between these awkwardly written footnotes to a thesis and, say, the "sobstuff" of some exceptionally clever journalist. As an example of what real genius might have done with such material as this book contains read the Dubliners of James Joyce. Any reference to Tchekhov or Garshin or Galsworthy would perhaps be spreading it on too thick. *Free and Other Stories* is a book Mr. Dreiser will have to live down. It mars his reputation as an exact, patient student of the prosaic, offends by its unpardonable uncouthness of style, and seems conclusive evidence that its author will never master the difficult, heart-breaking technique of the short story. Yet, in the two exceptions above mentioned, there is indisputably a spark of promise for Mr. Dreiser in this field. Now if he will just fan this spark into a flame for us . . .

WE OTHERS. By Henri Barbusse. E. P. Dutton; \$1.50.

The danger in following up a writer who suddenly publishes a popular masterpiece lies in finding that he has not always been writing masterpieces. The present run on Barbusse is drawing out material that makes the fact of *Under Fire* all the more bewildering. How did a writer of such doubtful talent produce so amazing a book? It must indeed have been the war, and Barbusse one of the few writers whom the Great War did directly inspire and endow with his own best powers. The doubtfulness of his previous talent is well documented in this collection of short "stories of fate, love, and pity," as they are described. These stories are the merest feuilletons, such as the Parisian reads of a morning in his cheaper newspaper on the tram or suburban train. Many of them deal with the more improbable forms of murder and sudden death, and they all have a decisively hollow and unnatural ring. The ingenuity of Barbusse in imagining the ghoulish explains perhaps why he could make a masterpiece out of war. For here was a wide and thoroughly congenial frame which would absorb horror to the limit of one's inventive capacity. And

through the horror he seems to have attained a humanity and truth which his earlier work certainly does not show. His unconvincingness in these stories is helped by his use of that strained and bizarre style which the second-rate French writer of today so loves to affect.

Books of the Fortnight

The following list comprises THE DIAL's selection of books recommended among the publications received during the last two weeks:

The People's Part in Peace. By Ordway Tead. 12mo, 156 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.10.

The New State: Group Organization the Solution of Popular Government. By M. P. Follett. 12mo, 373 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.

History of the Jews in Russia and Poland: From the Earliest Times Until the Present Day. By S. M. Dubnow. Translated by I. Friedlaender. Vol. II: From the Death of Alexander I. until the Death of Alexander III. (1825-1894.) 12mo, 429 pages. Jewish Publication Society (Philadelphia).

The Dawn of the French Renaissance. By Arthur Tilley. 8vo, 636 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$8.25.

Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands. By Arthur Symons. 12mo, 353 pages. Brentano's. \$3.

The Day's Burden: Studies, Literary and Political, and Miscellaneous Essays. By Thomas M. Kettle. 12mo, 218 pages. \$2.

A Writer's Recollections. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated, 12mo, 500 pages. Harper & Bros. 2 vols. \$6.

George Meredith: A Study of His Works and Personality. By J. H. E. Crees. 12mo, 238 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.

Four Years in the White North. By Donald B. MacMillan. Illustrated, 8vo, 426 pages. Harper & Bros. \$4.

Edgewater People. Tales. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Illustrated. 12mo, 315 pages. Harper & Bros. \$1.35.

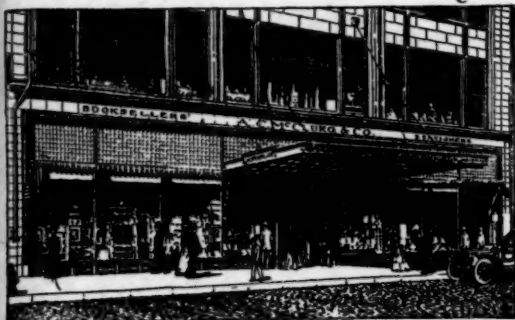
Corn from Olde Fieldes: An Anthology of English Poems from the Fourteenth to the Seventeenth Century. By Eleanor M. Brougham. 12mo, 298 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.

Lanterns in Gethsemane. Verse. By Willard Wattles. 12mo, 152 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

The Village Wife's Lament. Verse. By Maurice Hewlett. 12mo, 72 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

A Family Album. Verse. By Alter Brody. With an introduction by Louis Untermeyer. 12mo, 132 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25.

Growing Pains. Verse. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. 8vo, 64 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.



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Current News

Little Brown and Co. plan to bring out in January *The Curious Quest*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim; *Who Cares?* by Cosmo Hamilton; and *The Apartment Next Door*, by William Johnston.

Norman Angell's study of English labor conditions and their bearing upon American industrial problems is to be published immediately by B. W. Huebsch, under the title *The British Revolution and American Democracy*.

Social workers are again placed under obligation to the Russell Sage Foundation by its publication, in Shelby M. Harrison's *Survey and Exhibit Series*, of the *A B C of Exhibit Planning*, by Evert G. Routzahn and Mary Swain Routzahn. The volume, which sells for \$1.50, illustrates its practical hints with many photographic reproductions of posters and displays.

Mitchell S. Buck has prepared *Book Repair and Restoration: A Manual of Practical Suggestions for Bibliophiles* (Nicholas L. Brown, Philadelphia; \$2), a simple and convenient treatise, generously illustrated, which includes some translated selections from A. Bonnardot's *Essai sur l'art de Restaurer les Estampes et les Livres* (Paris, 1858). The booklover who enjoys taking care of his own volumes will find this little handbook a valuable companion.

The Lyman Beecher Lectureship Foundation has performed a conspicuous service by publishing Henry Sloane Coffin's series of lectures *In a Day of Social Rebuilding* (Yale University Press; \$1). Dr. Coffin is an outstanding exponent of a larger conception for Christianity in its relation to national and international problems. Any alert layman troubled by the cramped individualism of his pastor's sermons might well present the reverend gentleman a copy of these lectures.

For publication early in 1919 the J. B. Lippincott Co. promise a new volume in the *Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*—*King John*, edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Other proposed titles are: *The University of Pennsylvania: Franklin's College*, by Horace Mather Lippincott; *A Gentle Cynic: Being the Book of Ecclesiastes*, by Morris Jastrow, Jr.; and four novels—*Wild Youth*, by Sir Gilbert Parker; *The Soul of Ann Rutledge*, by Bernie Babcock; *The Diamond Pin*, by Carolyn Wells; and *The Red Signal*, by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz.

Madame Yvette Guilbert's *How to Sing a Song* (Macmillan; \$2) is of negligible value as a textbook in the art of lyric interpretation. The most eager chansonnier could scarcely find her elaborately annotated and charted chansons of more than ex post facto interest—the rule of thumb measure of Madame Guilbert's own technique, which, one likes to think, is less arbitrary than this book indicates. The author's treatment of "the plastic art"—

the sculptural values of the body in relation to dramatic interpretation—is, however, intelligent and illuminating. Unlike most manuals, this one has charm, for Madame Guilbert is here both naive and intimate, and her textbook on the art of singing is attuned to the vibrant note of her own personality.

Contributors

Randolph Bourne, for two years a member of the contributing staff of *THE DIAL*, died December 22 in New York after only a few days' illness. The exigencies of publication make it necessary to postpone until the next number editorial comment on this loss to liberalism.

Mrs. Natalie Curtis Burlin is the author of *The Indians' Book* (Harper); *Songs of Ancient America and Negro Folk-Songs* (Schirmer); and of *Songs From the Dark Continent* (in press with Doubleday-Page).

Lincoln Colcord is Secretary of the League of Free Nations Association, whose recent manifesto *THE DIAL* printed in its issue of November 30. He has been until recently the staff correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and is the author of *The Game of Life and Death* (tales; Macmillan) and *The Vision of War* (Macmillan).

Albert C. Barnes is a manufacturer who is especially interested in the application of psychological theory to the problems of business and politics. Mr. Barnes and John Dewey are probably the leading authorities on the Polish Movement in America.

Richard Aldington's *Heliodora* in this issue is the fourth in his series of *Letters to Unknown Women*.

Virgil Jordan was at one time an instructor in economics in the University of Wisconsin. He is now an associate editor of *Everybody's Magazine* and a contributor to that and other periodicals.

Hendrik Willem van Loon is the author of *The Fall of the Dutch Republic* (1913), *The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom* (1915), *The Golden Book of Dutch Navigators* (1916), and *A Short History of Discovery* (1917), which was reviewed in *THE DIAL* for May 9.

Lisle Bell, a frequent contributor to the Notes on New Books department of *THE DIAL*, is a young New York journalist whose work has appeared in several magazines.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

The Index to Volume LXV of *THE DIAL*, which is concluded with this number, will be ready in a few days. It will be printed separately and a copy will be mailed free on request to any subscriber who sends his name and address to *THE DIAL*, 152 West 13th Street, New York City.

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